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THE SPHERE

Vol. CLXV No. 2158 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — MAY 31 1941

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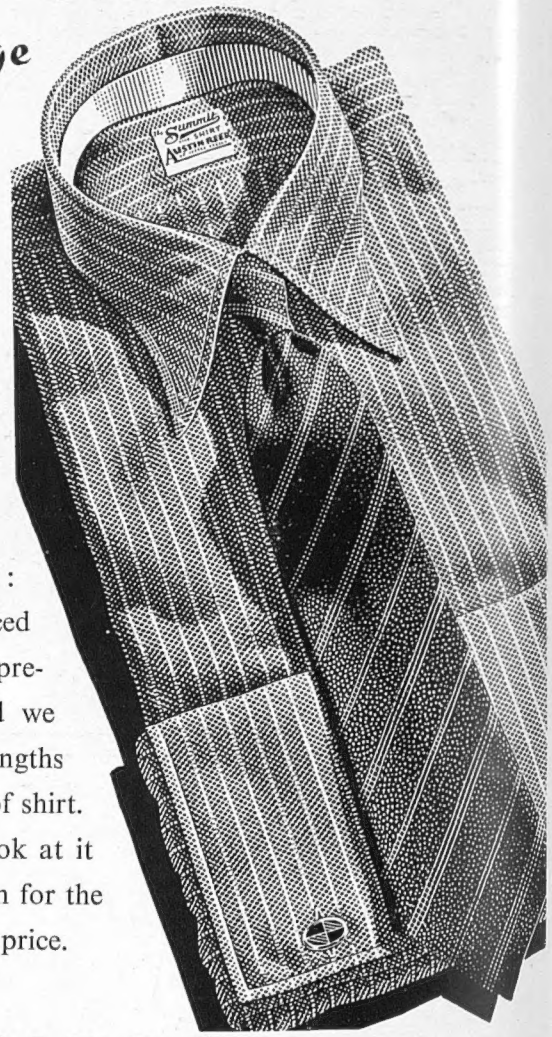

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Volume CLXV No. 2158 The SPHERE, London, May 31, 1941

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, May 31, 1941

PARACHUTISTS ARE (AS ON PREVIOUS OCCASIONS) IN THE NEWS AGAIN! HERE IS A CLOSE-UP OF OUR OWN PARACHUTE TROOPS—A picture taken during last Sunday's demonstration, which was witnessed by the King

Since the invasion of the Low Countries, parachutists have been consistently in the war news, and in Crete we are now witnessing the most serious attempt yet made by the enemy to capitalise to the full the power of air-borne troops. Recently, in this journal, we published official pictures showing British parachutists in training, but none of the pictures released for publication so far have disclosed as much as the one published above. From this picture it will be seen that our parachute men wear short-length overalls similar to those worn by R.A.F. bomber crews : boots or battle-dress puttees are worn ; a short carbine is carried ; and round the waist is a belt supporting a pouch which might be used for a variety of purposes—probably it would contain grenades ; over the shoulder is slung an ammunition belt. The men are not wearing their parachutes, as these were discarded after the actual jump. On this occasion the men were drawn up for inspection by the King, who witnessed the manœuvres

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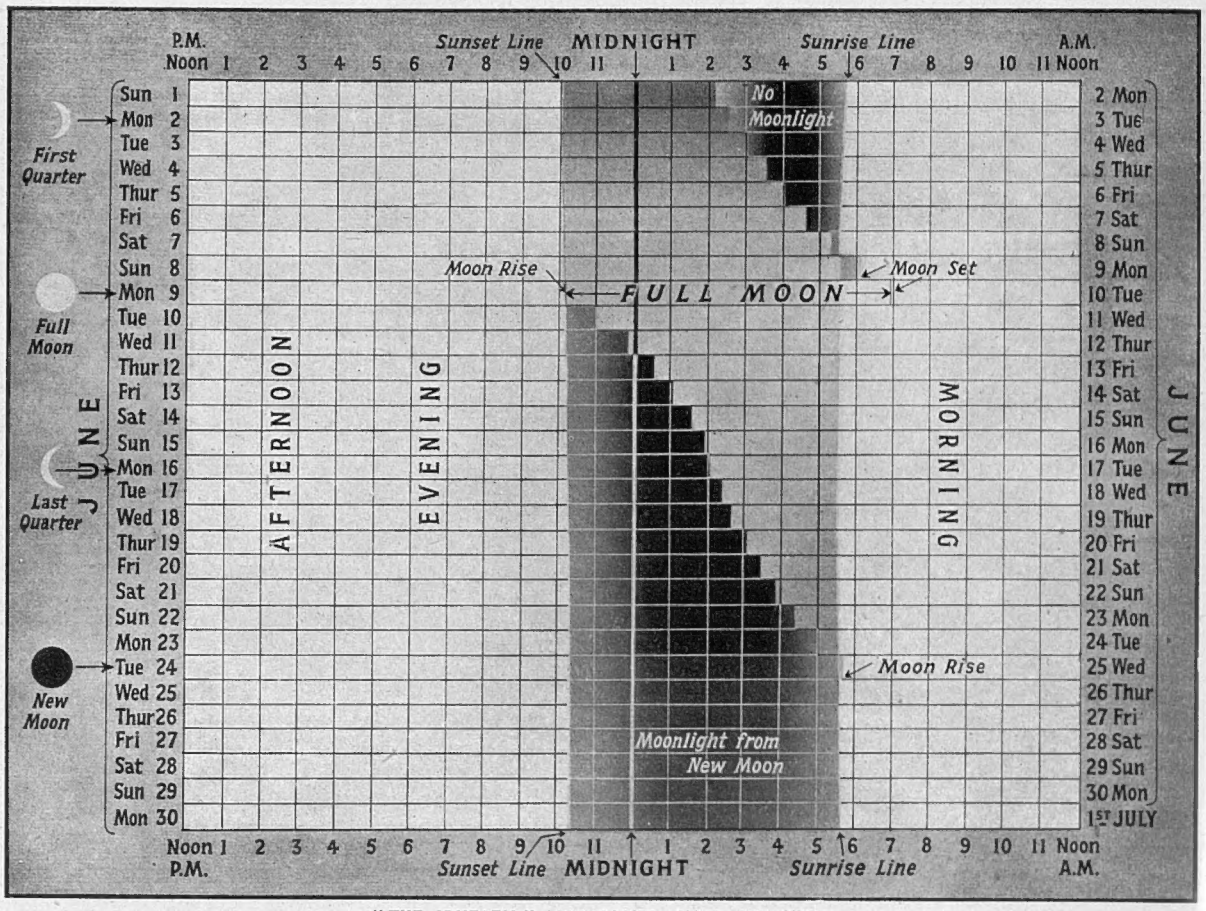
A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 91

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

The Minotaur.—The saga of Knossos is being fought out and it is bitterly anxious waiting for news of this perhaps decisive battle of the War and world, news which trickles through so terribly slow and patchy. The story of Theseus and the Minotaur is reversed. In this case Theseus got there first and the bull followed, a flying bull. Our Theseus lacks the help of his Ariadne, his air-arm, while the Minotaur fights with his teeth but lacks claws to his feet. "Was ever a battle like this in the world before?" How little, despite the efforts of military expositors and students, do we understand Mediterranean conditions; how little we have realised the appalling strain caused by the wide dispersal of our Navy and Air Forces over so many fields; how easily we are disappointed by the failure to materialise of last year's promises that "if we could hold out until June 1941, air parity would be near achievement." All we can do from the air is to bomb Greek aerodromes and harass a certain amount of sea-borne reinforcements. We have built up a great Air Force in the Mediterranean sphere. It is constantly engaged and constantly damaging the enemy in Africa, Iraq, Syria and Greece. But, in the small island of Crete, available aerodromes proved too vulnerable to be maintained, and consequently we withdrew from the only centres near enough for the maintenance of fighter attack on air-borne troops and on dive-bombers. The extra strain thrown on General Freyberg's troops is heavy; it is bitter knowledge, but when we accept the explanation, we are estopped from crying "prophecy and promises are pie-crust." We are yet far from reaching parity in the air, even were strategical conditions all in our favour, which they never yet have been, save over Britain.

Invasion of Britain—New Lessons.—And that leads back to the battle of Britain and the invasion of Britain. This Cretan battle is the battle for Britain in microcosm. Both sides will learn from it vital lessons for a greater sea-borne invasion. It will settle for Hitler the "be or not to be." For those in England who would prefer that the invasion of this island should be called off, there exists already (when the battle is still to be won or lost) the most convincing evidence that success in the invasion of England by methods now employed in Crete has gone out in the betting. Without the slightest help from R.A.F. fighters, the Navy and Land forces of the Allies have taken the heaviest toll of the Nazi air and sea armadas. Such successes as the Nazis gained in the first week were won at a terrible price. How would it have been if only 500 fighters had been available at all hours to shoot those slow-moving birds down; how if but 100 bombers had taken measures with transports and landed Nazis? The Nazis may be making new preparations to attack Britain from the air. I feel to-day that, however great the ultimate successes of the Nazis in the invasion of Crete, the lessons learned from it may hearten Britons who dread invasion here and will give pause to Hitler, and pause again, before he launches his reluctant armada on an island stiff with practised, triumphant fighter- and bomber-pilots. Let us increase our vigilance here, let Army and H.G. and Civil Defence services intensify their training. But while they prepare for invasion, they will (in my view) be preparing for absolutely certain victory.

France.—The political blindness and follies of the years between enjoy an amnesty—at least observed by patriots and restrained writers and speakers. It is better so. And, in any case, the destinies of nations (as I often point out) are seldom guided by supermen; usually by mediocrities like you and me—"the best you 've got, Sir." Despite the amnesty, the most restrained can hardly refrain from asking how it was that practically no diplomat or statesman in Britain saw what had happened to the character, not of the French politicians, but of the bulk of the nation of France, after 1918. No doubt at all, France still had, and has, her stalwarts, her XX^me Corps. But the late war turned the French in the mass into a nation scared of war and of Germany and of war's sacrifices and Germany's genius for brutality. The nation got fatty degeneration of the heart, which accounts for its tolerance of decades of obscenely corrupt Governments, shady transactions, cowardly compromises and every kind of surrender which might stave off the terror of being bombed and shelled again. To that people, to that Government, every statesman in Britain hitched our waggon, without a tremor of doubt. France to-day is, in the bulk, despite all that is said to the contrary, rotten at heart. She is scared stiff of war—and nothing else counts with her but to avoid any more rough stuff. She is down and out, and her still healthy elements are all too few to leaven that huge mass of fatty degeneration. We have learned our lesson of the vital need for countering strength with strength, and of no longer bowing the Nazis into every strategic position for attack. It is my hope that we have learned also at last the lesson of French degeneration, and that we shall not waste much apprehension over the power for evil of our old ally; nor much consideration for her "nerves" after her vile betrayal of ourselves who risked our fate as a nation to honour our sacred alliance.



"THE SPHERE'S" MOONLIGHT CHART FOR JUNE

During the month of June, shown in the above chart, the period of moonlight and darkness is reduced to its smallest limit. Thus on Whit Monday, June 2, the light of the moon in the first quarter only begins to be effective at 10 p.m. and daylight has begun to be quite strong by 5 a.m. From the 6th to the 10th moonlight is at its strongest period for the month. From the 11th-12th the moon is waning, and every night its hour of rising is slipping further back, until during the last ten days of the month its rising time is running into daylight. Nowadays one does not have to be a very early riser to enjoy the beauties of the summer dawn. Saturday, the 21st, is the longest day of the year, when the sun sets at about 10.20 p.m. by the two-hour Summer Time. Black-out time on that date will be at about 10.50 p.m., after which there will be only five hours of darkness before the waning moon rises

A limited number of these charts will be supplied free of charge on application to the Publisher, "The Sphere," Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, W.C.1, but 2½d. in stamps must be enclosed with the application

Another Barren Sceptre.—The crown of Spoleto is not worth a potato. It needs a man of exuberant nature to reign cheerfully in Croatia. You need a lot of mental dizziness for this Balkan-king business. That is my view. I think it is Mr. Lupescu's also. And perhaps Boris's. I should not be surprised if it were privately his Imperial Majesty King Victor Emmanuel's. If Spoleto's elder brother, Aosta, had not been engaged at the time in bartering the Italian Empire for a safe-conduct, he might himself have been compelled to accept his uncle's poisonous present. Poor little puppets; poor, frightened mob-led kings! I pity, while I despise, you for your cowardice and shame in preferring your mangy ermine to your manhood and dignity and honour and opinions. And now for a motto for the new House of Savoy-Croatia; why not from the old school song: "This time next year, where shall I be? Not in *this* Academy." Is it possible that Hitler is a muddled thinker? In all this hasty king-making and boundary revision there is so glaring a parallel to the very items of Versailles which the Führer most bitterly condemned. Is it possible that the New Order is moving too swiftly and may not survive for a fraction of the time which the Versailles disorder survived?

I Begin to Believe . . .—I have said since the war started that the most dangerous folly we as a nation could commit was, and must be, to give ready credence to reports from neutral correspondents and secret agents (or even our own Ministry E.W. pundits) that Germany was reaching starvation point in this or that vital commodity, or was a prey to internal dissension, or was cracking up, or generally showing less favourable signs of fortitude and unity (Nazi model) than we in Britain. I felt this danger so strongly that I have perhaps been an obstinately doubting Thomas. Now, at the end of May 1941 I confess to having seen (or thought to have seen) a glimmer at the end of the tunnel. This faint light does not originate from the Hess invasion; it is not influenced by changed Nazi air-tactics; it is not due to a more trustful reading of neutral correspondents' reports; it is not affected by Hitler's drive for oil-supply centres. No doubt the glimmer owes something to all these indications; but in my case I ascribe the new feeling rather to intuition and to the logic derived from a re-reading of the history of the last war than to proofs or signs from the present war. There is at last a pricking in my thumbs that the war is beginning to hang more heavy and more menacing on the Nazi leaders and on the German people than three months ago; that Hitler's victories now sound hollow because they have proved hollow; that Hitler's godhead is no longer critic-proof; that Germans are once more beginning to think for themselves, and that the unfamiliar process is depressing them; that the Germans are a warlike people when the war goes all their own way, and still, as of old, lovers of ease and peace beyond other nations when the animal they bully turns *méchant* and defends itself. And I begin to believe that our blockade *is* beginning to have a real effect in regard to the supply of at least three vital war commodities. I believe the average German is now alive to the danger from America; that he calculates that the Near Eastern ventures of Hitler will take too long to achieve enough in the time-lag period before American aid becomes a decisive factor, and that Hitler has missed the bus of success for the only hope of a Nazi victory—the taking of the fortress of Britain. Finally, I believe that my March prophecy had some colour of truth, and that Nazi diplomacy *did* then contemplate substituting France for Italy, as soon as the latter (no longer useful) was thoroughly enslaved, and offering to Darlan the bait of Axis partnership. And I don't think the plan will save the Nazi bacon. In short, I believe now that things favourable to our cause are faintly stirring.

THE OLD STAGER

LEND OR SHARE THIS COPY

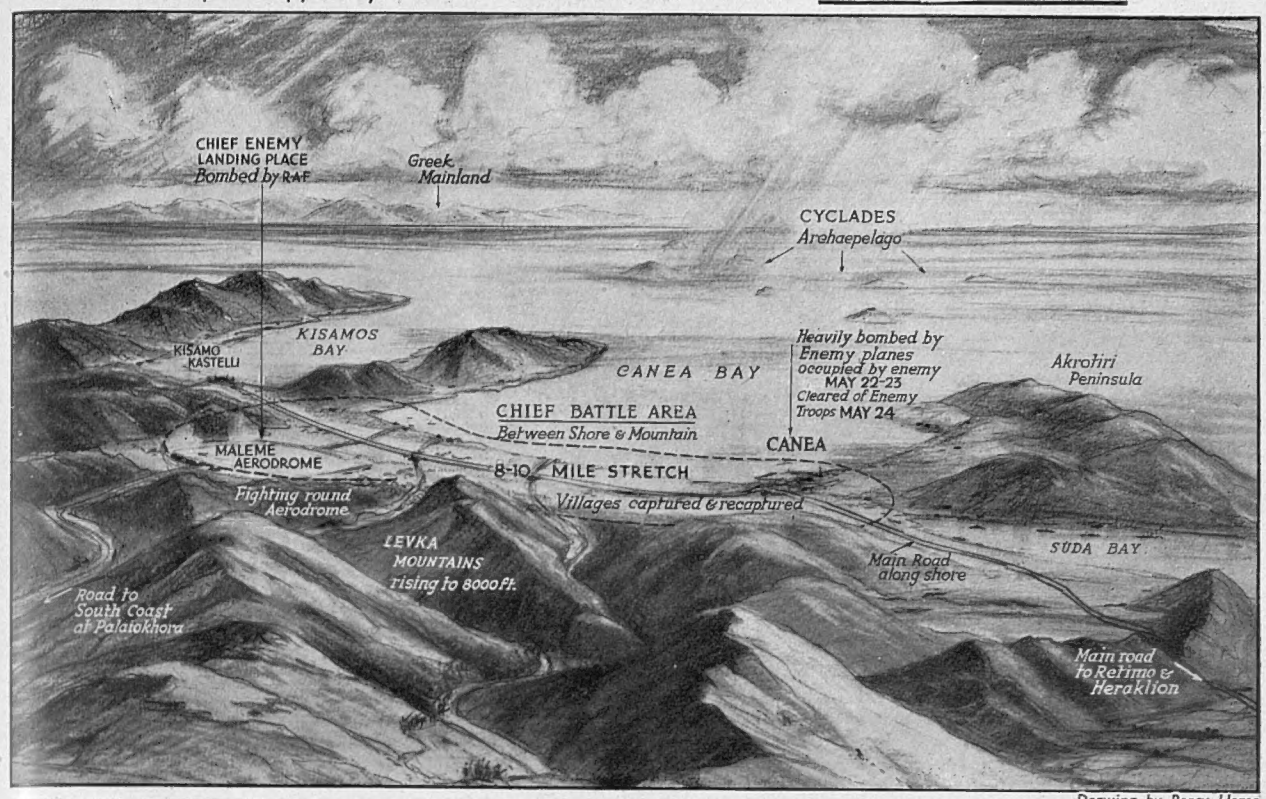
With the next issue—June 7—the cost of "The Sphere" will be increased to 1s. 6d. per copy. This is a necessity forced upon us by the rising costs of paper and production.

Owing to paper restrictions, as from June 7, too, it will be necessary to ration the circulation of "The Sphere" each week. This means that the number of copies available for sale by your retailer will, to some extent, be curtailed.

The Proprietors, therefore, make an appeal to all readers to *lend or share their copies*; or to come to some arrangement with friends whereby all who desire to read "The Sphere" may do so.

THE BATTLE FOR THE ISLAND OF CRETE

Where New Zealand, British, and Greek Troops are Fighting the Parachute Troops Dropped by the Germans in Successive Waves—*A special "Sphere" Section*

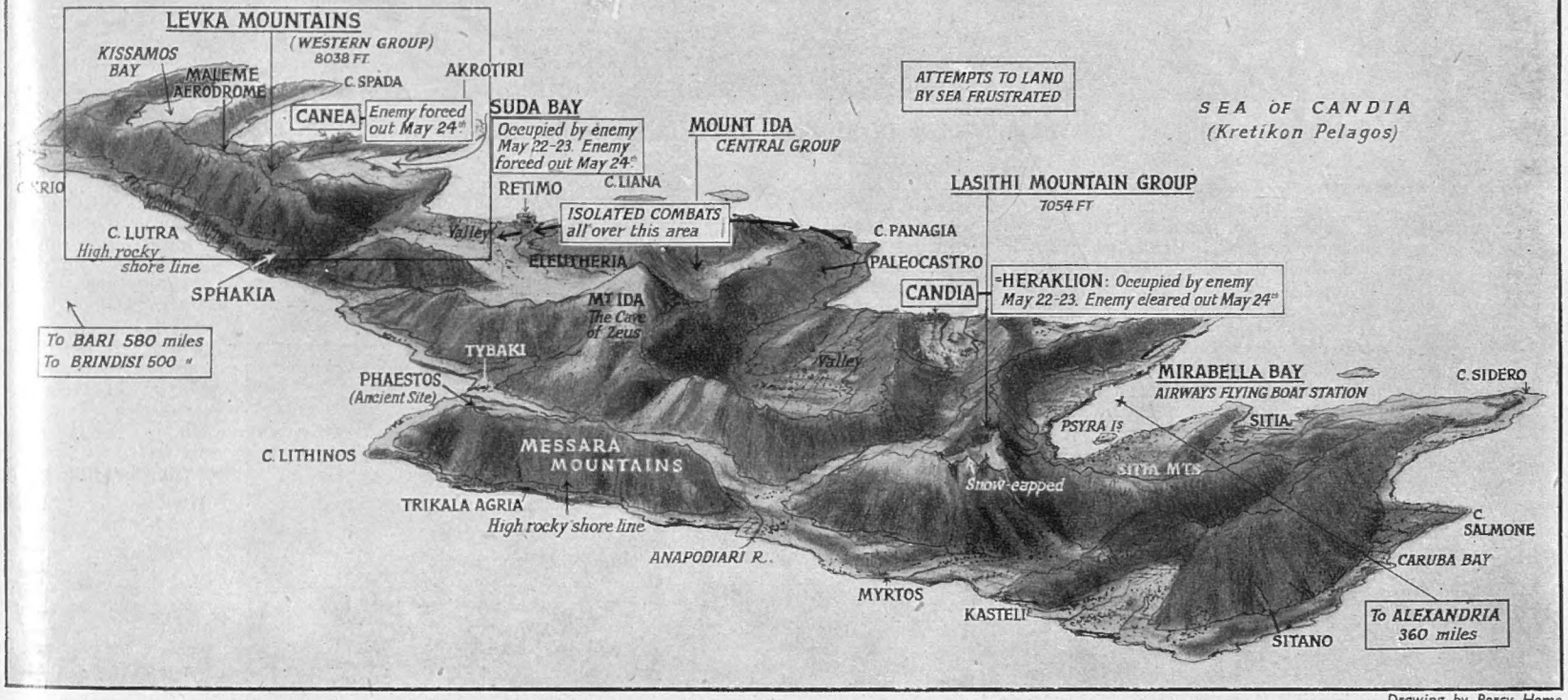


Drawing by Percy Home

WHERE THE SEVEREST FIGHTING HAS TAKEN PLACE—THE MALEME-CANEA AREA IN CRETE : From Maleme aerodrome (which at the beginning of the week was in enemy hands, although commanded by our gunfire) to Canea is an eight- to ten-mile stretch. It is here that the fighting has been most intense. Most of the air-borne troops have been landed at Maleme, and the fighting has thus been taking place in an elongated area, bounded on one side by the sea and on the other by the jumble of mountainous country forming the backbone of the island

THE MAN IN COMMAND—Major-General Bernard Freyberg, V.C., D.S.O. : The Allied Commander-in-Chief in Crete is a big, burly New Zealander, fifty-two years of age. His military career is almost incredible. He won his V.C. in 1915 on the Western Front, where he became a Brigadier at the age of twenty-seven years; his D.S.O. (with two bars) was gained at Gallipoli. General Freyberg is believed to be the only Temporary Officer to attain General Officer's rank in the last war, during which he was many times wounded

THIS AREA SHOWN IN GREATER DETAIL ABOVE



Drawing by Percy Home

THE ISLAND OF CRETE : Showing the general topography of the island, and the areas where fighting has taken place

The main struggle between the air-borne troops and parachutists of Germany and the British-Imperial and Greek forces has been taking place within the area marked. Landings were made at Canea and at Retimo, but in both these areas the enemy was subdued. At the moment of writing, the fighting is concentrated within the Canea-Maleme area

A GENERAL VIEW OF RETIMO : Air-borne troops were landed here, and for a time Retimo was in enemy occupation. It is now again in British hands

A GENERAL VIEW OF CANEA : At this place and in its neighbourhood the severest fighting has taken place; and from here to Maleme is the principal scene of conflict

Drawing by E. G. Lambert

THE GERMAN TECHNIQUE FOR THE AIR-BORNE INVASION OF CRETE: THE FOUR STAGES ILLUSTRATED FROM EYE-WITNESSES' REPORTS

It is believed that in the attacks on Crete, the Nazis are staging a full-dress rehearsal for a probable invasion of Britain: if this is so, it makes their present technique of even greater interest. This is how Hitler's invasion tactics have developed up to the present: first came the swarms of dive-bombers, which sought out our anti-aircraft positions and hammered them unceasingly; then, in the dead of night, troop-carriers hummed over the island and spilled out whole battalions of troops by parachute; gliders, each carrying about a dozen men, were then towed in and slipped loose to coast down silently; thus by dawn the battle was in full swing, and the fourth phase was witnessed—air-borne troops in big transport planes were landed on the captured aerodrome at Maleme, and, later, aircraft dropped supplies of ammunition and food and, in some cases, light artillery. These four invasion phases are illustrated in Mr. Lambert's drawing above. Later the invaders were able to form a strong line, Maleme-Canea, behind which further troops were landed.

Drawing by Roland Davies

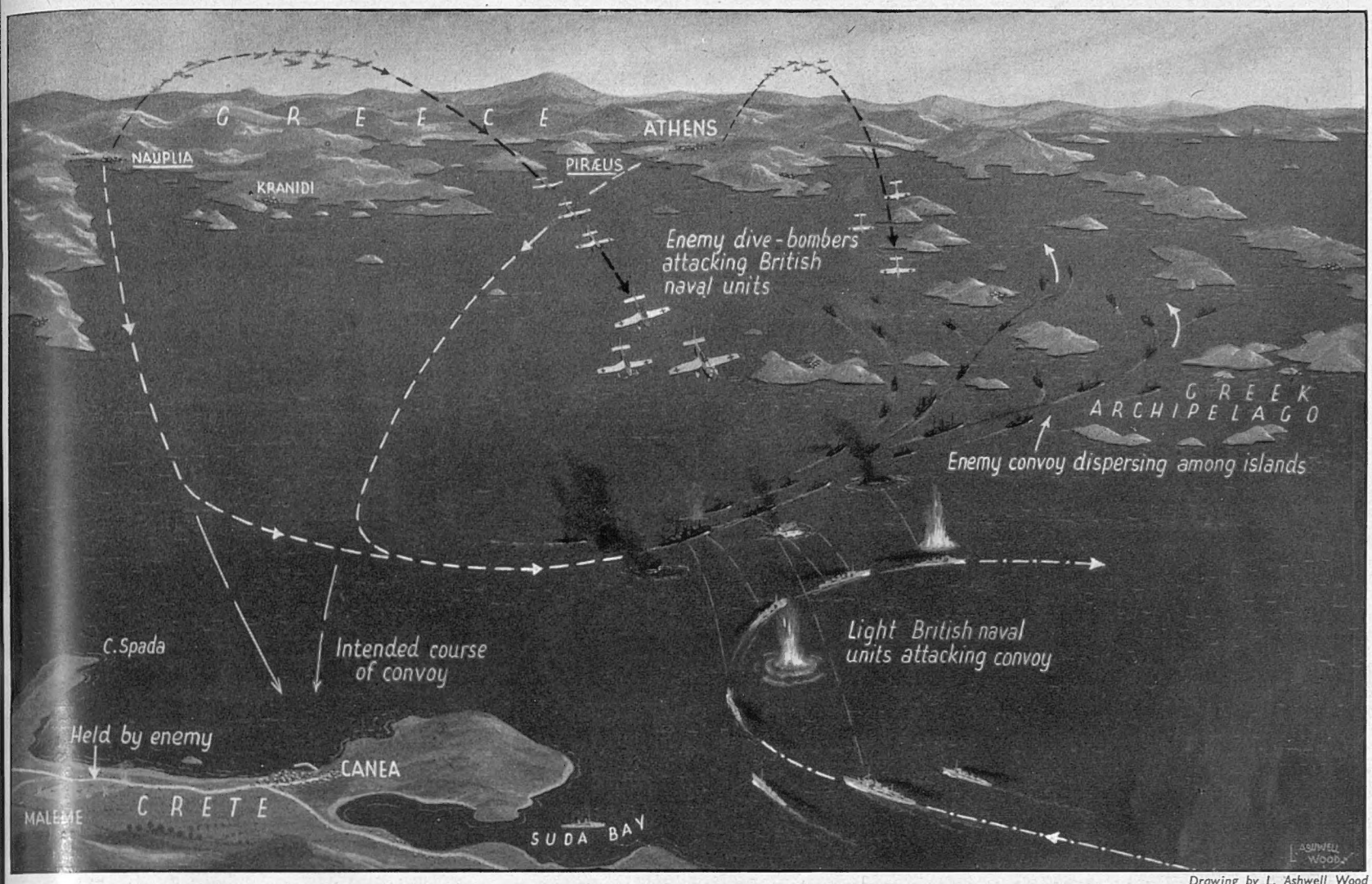
THE SCENE AT NIGHT AS THE GLIDERS WERE CAST OFF TO MAKE THEIR OWN DESCENT ON CRETE IN SILENCE: Towed over by the big transport aircraft, whole strings of gliders were launched over the island

On left—

THE INVASION BY GLIDERS

After having declared that it would be impossible for a plane to tow more than three or four gliders at a time—at most six—some newspapers are now saying that whole strings of gliders—"twenty or more"—were towed over by large troop-carrying planes! The truth probably lies between these two sets of figures. Each glider probably contained from ten to twelve men, and each had a pilot who could land the glider at any suitable spot. For years Germany specialised in engine-less descents of this nature. In Crete it does not matter much where, or how, the gliders landed: they were only required for the one operation, and could thus make "crash" landings. But the loss of life and material must have been very heavy. Were it possible for British fighters to operate over Crete the casualties amongst the invaders by this means would have been enormous, as the gliders are all unarmed and terribly vulnerable

The INVASION ATTEMPT, by AIR-BORNE TROOPS and by CONVOY



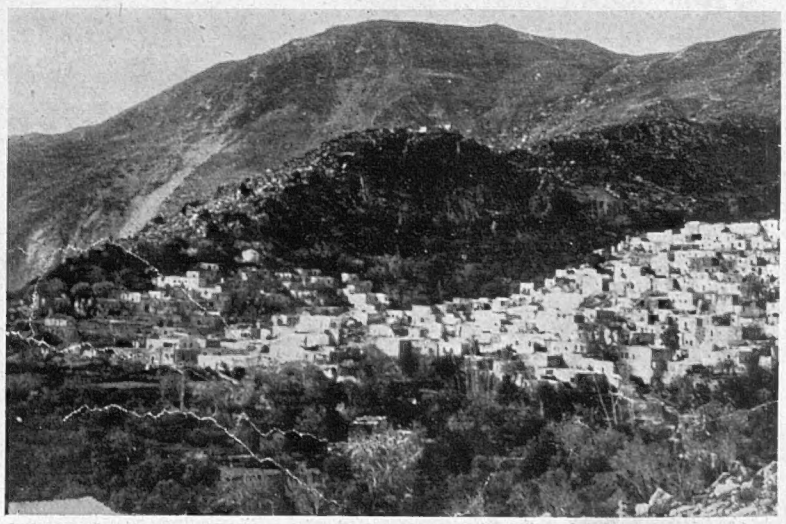
Drawing by L. Ashwell Wood

THE GERMAN INVASION BY SEA FRUSTRATED BY THE ROYAL NAVY: THE BIG NAZI CONVOY ATTEMPTING TO LAND ON CRETE BEATEN OFF BY A "MIGHTY FORCE" OF ADMIRAL CUNNINGHAM'S MEDITERRANEAN FLEET

Not content with their air-borne invasion of Crete, the Nazis also attempted sea-borne invasions. But in these they were unfortunate. One convoy, intercepted during the night, was annihilated—two transports and a number of small Greek vessels, together with an escorting destroyer, being sunk. The Royal Navy just went clean through the convoy, scattering it to right and left: thousands of German soldiers must have been drowned. This was the forerunner of the much larger group of vessels shown in the above drawing. Thirty of them were sighted as day broke. They were driven back towards the 200-mile-long stretch of islands which comprise the Greek archipelago, and throughout the day—despite dive-bombing attacks by German aircraft—were bombarded by our light naval forces as shown above. Troops may have been landed later by the enemy, but nothing in the nature of organised convoys was attempted—so powerful were the British naval forces patrolling off the island

A VIEW OF SUDA BAY IN CRETE, where British naval vessels can anchor, and which is obviously one of the objectives of the Germans in their invasion. Suda Bay was used as a British naval base in the 1914-1918 War

A NEW IDEA IN CAMOUFLAGE—Germans on patrol off the Greek islands of the Ægean: Men on German "observation" and anti-aircraft vessels have been provided with new suits of camouflage design. The jerkins worn in this picture are of oilskin, painted with irregular blotches and designs. Steel helmets are covered with similar material



ON THE ISLAND OF CRETE: A typical Cretan village, showing the inhospitable terrain on which the German parachutists have been landing

WITHIN the BRITISH LINES at TOBRUK: Where British-Imperial Forces have been Holding up the German-Italian Drive to Suez—*The latest official pictures*

THE NERVE-CENTRE OF THE TOBRUK DEFENCES: In one of the dug-outs there is a complete telephone exchange: this is at the very heart of the communications within the fortress, and all parts of the Tobruk defences are linked up by this means

THE BRITISH OFFICER IN COMMAND AT TOBRUK and members of his staff outside their Headquarters: The Commanding Officer (in the centre) is Brigadier Leslie James Morshead, C.M.G., D.S.O., who has been in command of an infantry brigade of the A.I.F. since 1940. He is fifty-two years of age, and was formerly Branch Manager of the Orient Line in Sydney. In the last war he was mentioned in despatches six times

ALTHOUGH besieged by the enemy, the British Imperial Forces at Tobruk are by no means inactive. So long as this stronghold maintains its defence, it must remain a menace to the enemy's flanks—and the "advance on Suez" will be held up, quite apart from the fact that other British forces are lying in wait for possible attack at Sollum and Mersa Matruh and other points east. The garrison at Tobruk has been busy preparing defences, repelling enemy attacks and organising counter-attacks: the latter have been considerable and successful despite penetration by the enemy at one or two points in the outer "perimeter" defences. The pictures reproduced here have just been released for publication. They give illuminating peeps at life in Tobruk, and illustrate many of the activities of the beleaguered fortress in the Western Desert

GERMAN PRISONERS TAKEN DURING THE OPERATIONS AROUND TOBRUK

In one engagement alone in the outer defences of the desert fortress, 500 Germans were captured by our forces. These men, after capture, are blindfolded so that they should not see more than they should when being led through our lines. The Germans in this vicinity are crack troops, and embody the cream of the German Army—specially trained and specially equipped for desert warfare. There is no doubt that they have suffered heavy casualties, and prisoners have indicated that they take a poor view of desert warfare as they have experienced it

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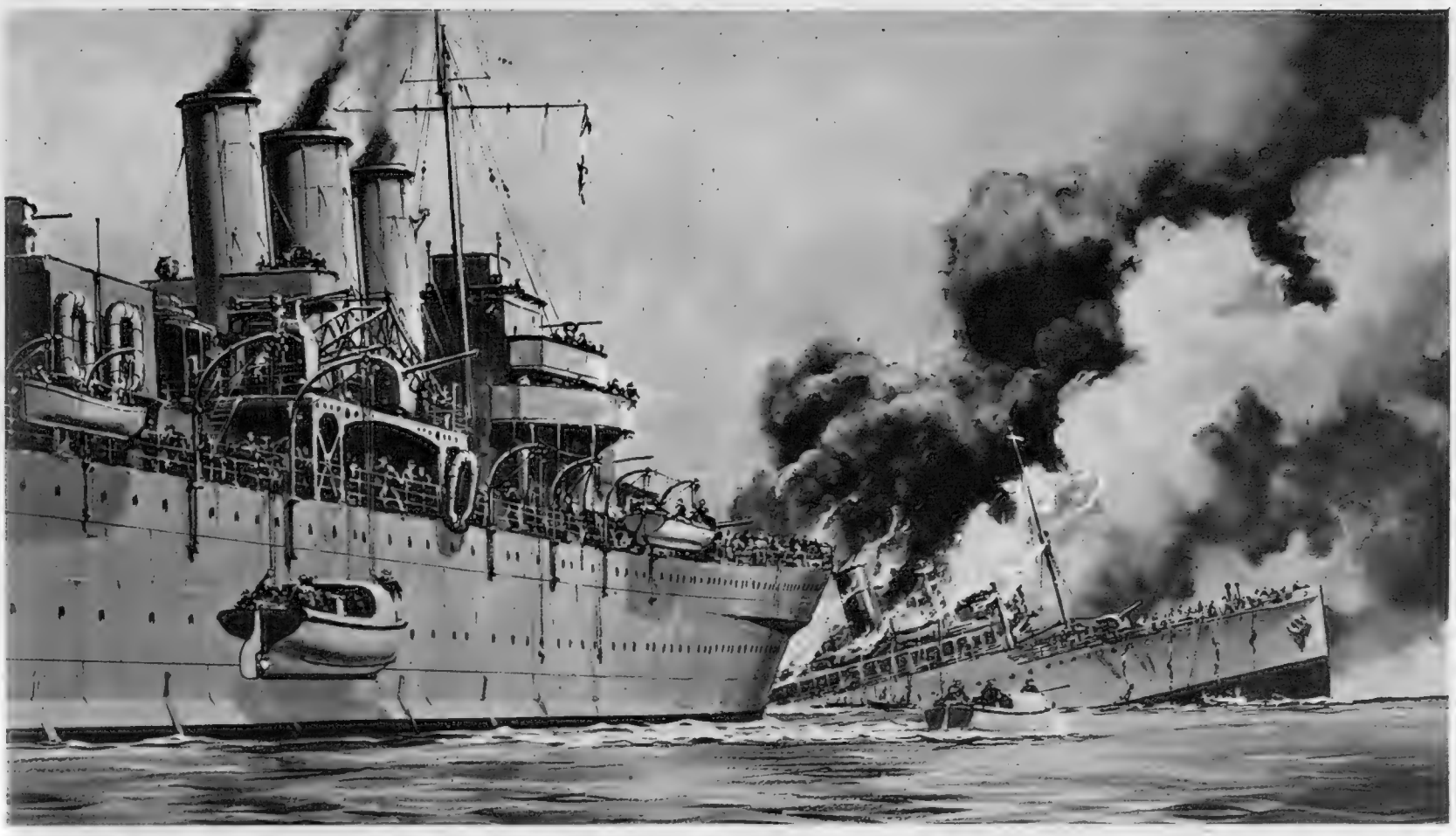
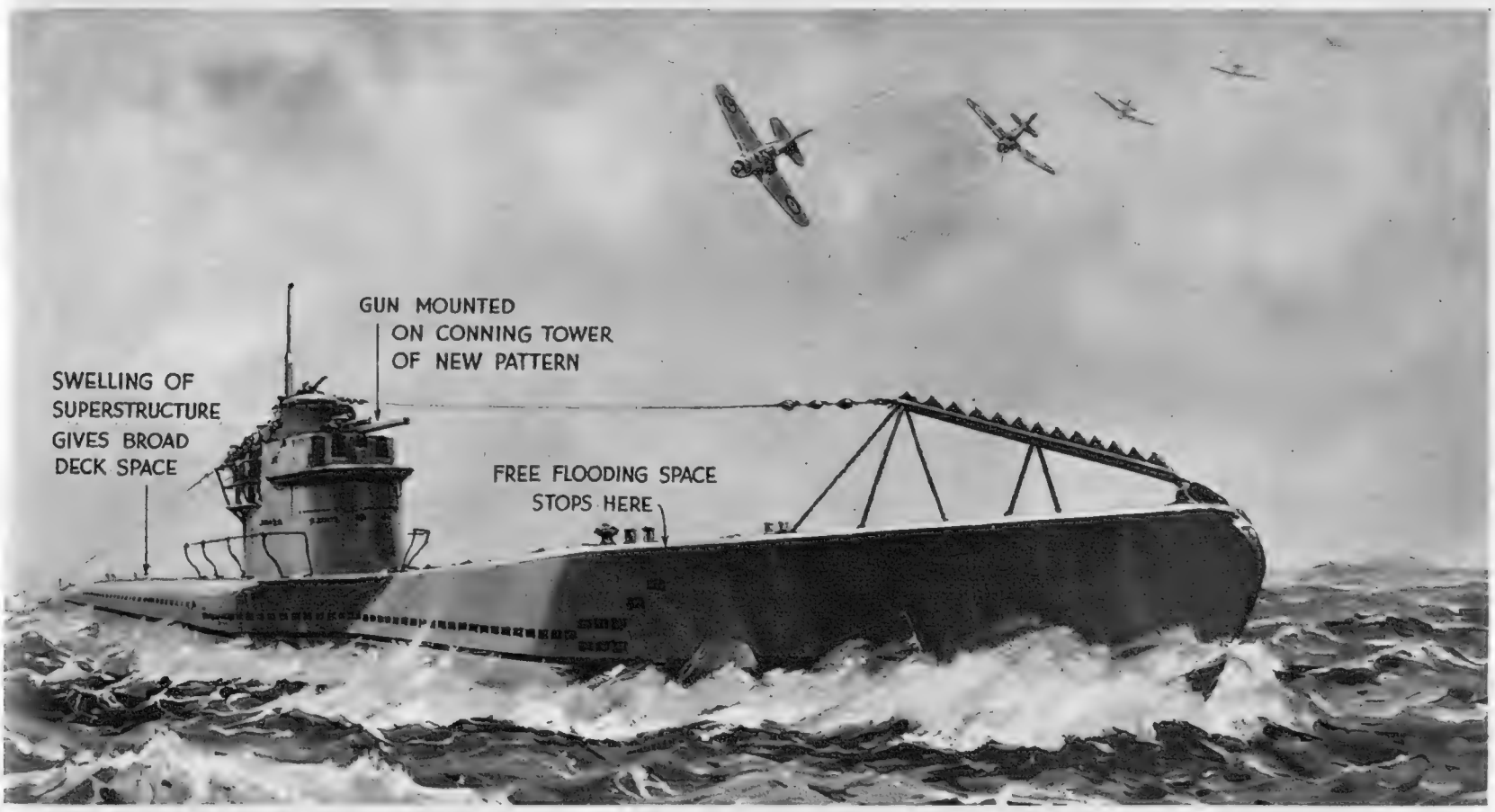


THE DISGUISED COMMERCE RAIDER: H.M.S. "CORNWALL" INTERCEPTS A GERMAN RAIDER AT SEA AND SINKS HER—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

A BRIEF communique by the Admiralty in March, to the effect that H.M.S. *Leander* had encountered the fast Italian merchant-ship *R.A.M.B. I*, armed with 4·7-in. guns, and acting as a raider, and had forced her to surrender with her fifth salvo; and in May, an equally brief one that a German armed merchant-cruiser had been intercepted and sunk by H.M.S. *Cornwall*, twenty-seven British merchant-seamen prisoners on board being rescued, are the only definite news of the end of two ocean pests. Against regularly designed cruisers with modern guns, these ships have no more chance than the *Jervis Bay* or *Rawalpindi* had against the German "pocket battleships," but until they meet such ships—and the seas are very wide—they have infinite possibilities of mischief.

It is significant that, while the Admiralty published the name of the *R.A.M.B. I*, it gave no indication of that of the *Cornwall's* victim, or of where the incident occurred. It had a definite object in this. In the case of the Italian there was probably no objection to it, for her Government was presumably in a position to know what had happened, but with the German, definite information would probably be useful to the enemy. Regular warships like the *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau*, when they are out on the trade lanes, can use their wireless for sending home reports, provided they are reasonably discreet about giving away their position, but the disguised raider has to be much more careful, and in order to keep her position secret has to keep her own people nearly as much in the dark as the British. If the German authorities are kept guessing as to which ship has been destroyed, and the exact position, it is an obvious advantage. It would appear from unofficial sources that the enemy has disguised raiders of various types in commission. Most of these raiders seem to be armed with 5·9-in. or 4·7-in. guns, probably torpedo-tubes in addition, and certainly mine-laying gear in several instances. It would be impossible to mount these guns in such a way that they could secure anything like the range of similar guns mounted in cruisers, but that is not such a disadvantage in the case of a German auxiliary as it is in a British. A German warship in the open sea, encountering a merchantman, can be tolerably certain that she is in the Allied service, and therefore immediately sets about her destruction without waiting for questions. A British cruiser encountering a merchantman, on the other hand, has to reckon that she is probably friendly, and must close to within very short range in order to send a boat across to identify her.



ONE OF THE NEW GERMAN SUBMARINES, WHICH SHOWS MANY DIFFERENCES FROM THE OLDER TYPES—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

THIS picture, made from photographic material, shows one of the newer enemy types, apparently somewhere between 750 and 900 tons displacement. The Germans seem to have been favouring the more moderate displacements for handiness and mass production. Superficially, she follows the general outline of their U-boats at the end of the late war, but there are many differences.

The free-flooding space in the superstructure, indicated by the long rows of closely-spaced scupper-ports, stops short well abaft the bows, as in all recent German submarines, but it extends much farther aft than in the classes photographed before the outbreak of war.

The net-cutter over the bow is of precisely the same type as in the late war, and the "jumping wires" from its top to the conning-tower. This is designed to lift nets, wires, sweeps, etc., clear of the tower and lowered periscopes. It will be noted that the forward end is insulated, allowing it to be used as a wireless aerial.

The conning-tower is of quite a new type, without the stream-lining of the pre-1939 U-boats. The gun is mounted on top of the conning-tower, after the fashion introduced in the British L type. This gives a better command, and permits the gun to be used in far worse weather. The swelling of the superstructure deck by the conning-tower is quite a new feature. It gives a fine broad deck aft, but it would seem to be a big disadvantage for handling under water, when the very minimum of excrescences and irregularities is desirable.

THE ARABS AND THE WAR IN IRAQ

An Account of the Present Situation in Arabia: With Some Notes on the Arab Tribes

By MAJOR C. S. JARVIS

THE MAN WHO HAS BEEN CALLED "THE SECOND LAWRENCE OF ARABIA": Major John Bagot Glubb, leader of the riders of the Arab Legion, who was erroneously reported killed in action in Iraq. He is forty-four years of age and is the son of Major-General Sir Frederick Glubb. For twenty-two years of his life he has lived amongst the Arabs of Iraq and Trans-Jordania. He received the Lawrence Memorial Medal for his work in restoring order amongst the tribes (a decoration which has also been accorded to the writer of the accompanying article, incidentally). Major Glubb's nickname amongst the Beduin is "Abu Heneik"—the "Father of a Jaw," because he received a severe wound on his cheek when his jaw was broken in the last war and this has left a characteristic scar

THE army rebellion in Iraq against its own Government and against the British forces (which, according to the treaty made with that country have the fullest rights to be there), recalls the fact that this state, then Mesopotamia, contributed during the last war less active assistance in obtaining her own freedom than any other part of Arabia. It was something of an anomaly that, shortly after the conclusion of hostilities, she should have received from us a far greater measure of independence than was accorded to her neighbours who had played their part in the campaign, namely, Trans-Jordan and Syria. It was Trans-Jordan which provided the bulk of the fighting men for the initial stages of Lawrence's campaign, and whose Beduin were responsible for the two major defeats inflicted upon the Turks—Akaba and Tafileh—and Syria whose Rowalla Arabs and Druses contributed a force for the operations around Deraa that led to the fall of Damascus.

The disturbances and rebellions that occurred in the Arab world during the years between 1918 and the present war are ancient history, and of the four states in question, one only—Trans-Jordan—can show a clean sheet. Here alone have peace and security reigned, and this has been due to the personality of the Emir Abdulla, of the Hashimite house, who combines wisdom and common sense with a wide vision of world affairs, and whose views have been consistently pro-British since he ascended the throne. Working in harmony with him was Peake Pasha, one of those rare Englishmen who can see things from the Arab standpoint, who was the Emir's right-hand man until he retired in 1939. His place is now filled by Major Glubb, a personality of the same type, who has the added advantage of long administrative experience in Iraq before he came to Trans-Jordan, which brought him into close touch with the big and powerful tribes of the Syrian desert. It is more probable that Major Glubb at the present moment is playing an important part among the Beduin on the Iraqi-Trans-Jordan frontier.

For the last five years, German and Italian propaganda has been most active throughout Arabia; the Germans endeavouring to undermine British and French influence in Palestine, Syria and Iraq, whilst the Italians have been busy in the Yemen, the Hadrhamaut and Saudi-Arabia. The unfortunate situation in Palestine which existed from 1936 until the outbreak of war was largely fomented by foreign influence, and the happenings in the country, distorted and magnified by foreign agents and the ex-Mufti, Husseini, are largely responsible for the hostility of a proportion of the Iraqi people and for the repercussions in Damascus.

A marked characteristic of the Arab is his inclination to rush to the assistance of the strong, and in reviewing the situation, one must bear in mind that, except for Abyssinia, we cannot show a very imposing window-dressing. In Saudi-Arabia and the Yemen, the old hostility between these two states acts as an antidote to enemy propaganda, and, moreover, their close proximity to Abyssinia and the Red Sea, where our naval forces maintain the most active control, causes them to take a different view of the world situation than that held by their compatriots nearer the Balkan countries.

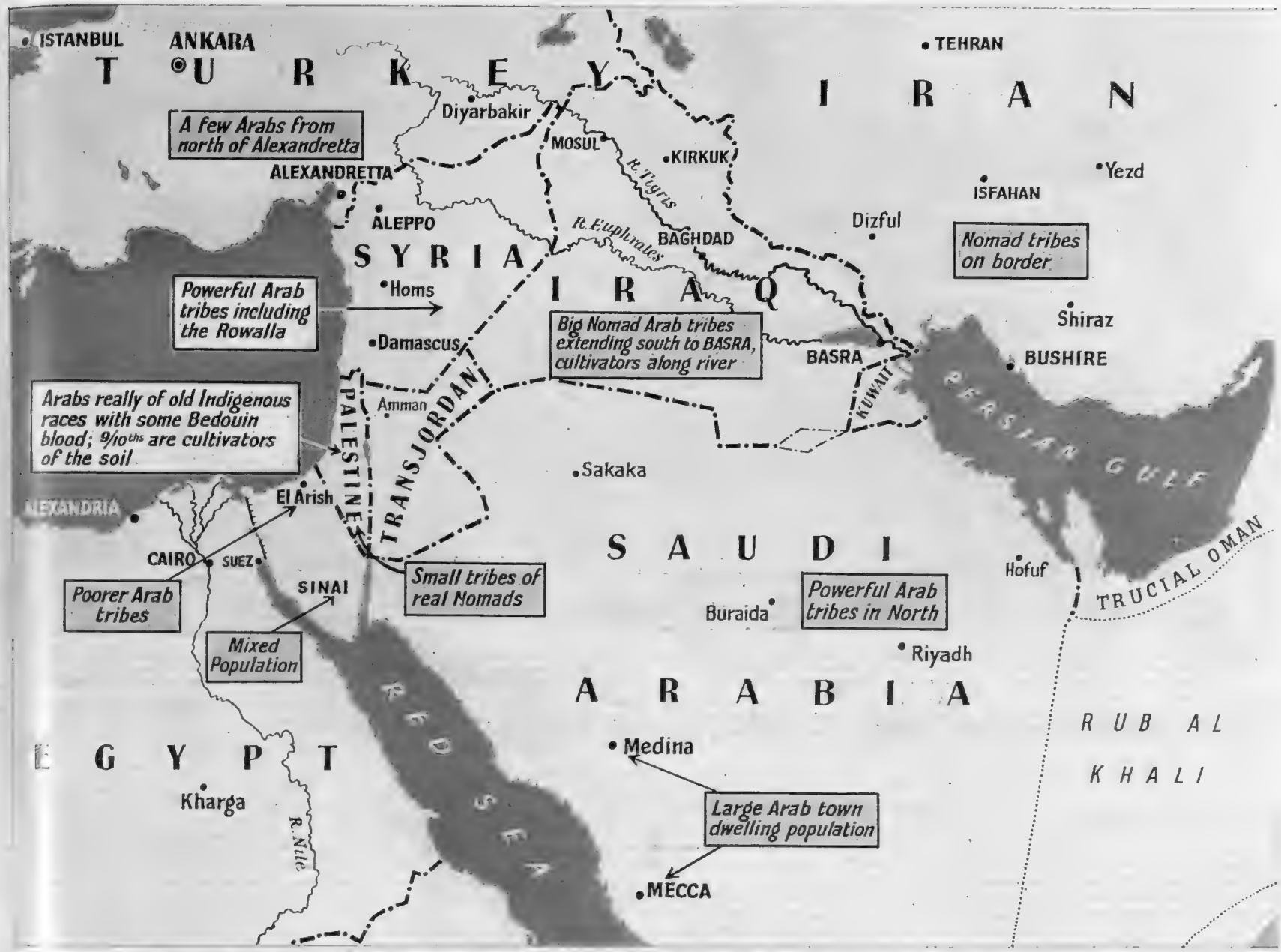
The thing that matters vitally at the present time is the maintenance of our oil supplies from Mosul and Iran. With Basra firmly held, the latter would appear to be safe for the time being, but in the absence of any definite news, we must presume the Mosul pipe-line is cut. This runs for 450 miles, mostly across open desert, before it reaches Trans-Jordan, and as it is vulnerable at almost every point, its maintenance can most economically and efficiently be carried out by the active co-operation of the Beduin tribes of the areas through which it passes. This is arrived at by the payment of a *surra*, which is a form of rent, or purchase of goodwill, by which a sheikh will guarantee the safety of property or lives in the district he controls, and it is one of the oldest of nomad customs in the deserts of Arabia. One may take it for granted that enemy agents have been active in their attempts to undermine the allegiance of these tribes, the Rowalla and others, and it is now a question of counteracting this influence by outbidding the enemy financially and impressing the Beduin by a display of force.

THE DAUGHTERS OF THE DESERT: The Beduin has been rendered a familiar figure by the brush of many artists and through the lenses of innumerable photographers; but it is not often that the women of the tribe are thus pictured. Here is a photograph of two Beduin women outside one of the characteristic low tents of their tribe

And Now for the Arab Himself.—In speaking of the Arabs of to-day, it must be borne in mind that the various types and their outlooks differ as much as do, say, the city workers of London from

ARAB SHEIKHS OF A TYPICAL NOMAD TYPE: In real life these leaders of wandering desert tribes are less romantic than many of the fiction-writers would have us believe!

MEN OF THE ARAB LEGION WHO GUARD R.A.F. STATIONS ON THE IRAQ FRONTIER: The R.A.F. aerodromes on the Iraq-Trans-Jordan frontier are guarded by the famous Arab Legion of the Emir of Trans-Jordan. Commanded by British officers, the Desert Patrol of the Arab Legion is responsible for the maintenance of order amongst the Arab tribes: its work has become more than ever important to-day from the point of view of Empire security



THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE MAIN ARAB TRIBES IN THE DISTRICTS OF THE NEAR EAST WHICH ARE AFFECTED BY THE NEW GERMAN THRUSTS

The term "Arab" has a wide significance within the area of the above map. The diversities range from the sophisticated town Arabs of Cairo, Jerusalem, Damascus, Bagdad and Basra, through the powerful Arab tribes, in daily contact with the desert, living in northern Saudi-Arabia; the agricultural Arabs dwelling among the reed meadows of the Euphrates and the borders of the high ground of Trans-Jordan, Palestine and Syria; to the poorest of the race in the Sinai Peninsula. The true desert-loving tribes still love the desert and its ways; they frown upon cities and towns and the cars which penetrate their own remote regions—although many of the modern Arabs have conceived a violent passion for the speed and noise of the motor-car!

the Connemara peasantry, and, speaking generally, the inhabitants of the towns and villages of Northern Iraq and Syria, though Arab in name and origin, have nothing in common with the Beduin of the desert beyond the Arabic tongue and the Muhammadan religion.

It has always been a British policy in Iraq, as in other Arab lands, to encourage and strengthen the Beduin tribal system by the recognition of their desert law and age-old customs and rights and by restoring to the various paramount sheikhs considerable powers over their tribes that in the days of the Turk had been curtailed to a large extent. The result of this policy, and the fact that the average British administrator is far more popular among the tribal folk than with the townspeople and villagers, is that the anti-British feeling that has existed among certain sections in Iraq since the days of the 1920 rebellion is absent among the great majority of the Beduin. The progress of modern civilisation, particularly the advent of the motor-car and lorry, has worn away some of the barriers that have always existed between the desert and the town, but the old hostility and suspicion are still latent, and in times of trouble come to the surface.

The rebellion started apparently in Bagdad and its environs, with the backing of the military clique, and with any movement of this description in an Oriental country, the student class, a numerous and most vociferous element, can be relied upon to side with the forces of disorder. There is, however, no indication of the extent to which the rising has spread to the desert, and the probability is that the Beduin so far are not affected. Under able leadership and guidance, and with the right sort of propaganda, most of the tribes will probably send their young men to serve in the Levies to assist in putting down the outbreak and restoring order.

The shawl (*kufaiyah*) and the black cord (*agal*) is the Beduin dress, but is now largely worn by the cultivator also. The cord (*agal*) is originally the hobble-rope of the camel, which the Beduin stuck on his head when not in use, as the most convenient spot to carry it. Originally the word "Arab" was taken to mean only the nomad of Arabia—the Beduin. These were desert people, but certain families settled in the oases, and small townships, and lived by cultivation—dates, corn, coffee, etc. The desert Arab, on the other hand, grew nothing, but lived on the milk and cheese from his grazing animals, and by the sale of sheep and camels.

As time went on, the town and village populations increased, and the stock was mixed with various pilgrims who came to Mecca and stayed, by soldiers deserting from armies, etc.; until finally the village folk became a mixed breed with little in common with their desert cousins. In Palestine and Syria the village folk and townsfolk are probably nearer the old indigenous races that inhabited these countries, and have only a trace of real Arab blood dating back to the Arab conquest. Then, in certain parts of Syria and Trans-Jordan there are villages of Circassians, who were put there by the Turks in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, the idea being colonisation and the maintenance of law and order.

IN THE CENTRE OF RIYADH, THE CHIEF CITY OF IBN SAUD'S POWERFUL ARAB STATE: This remarkable picture was taken outside the King's Palace in Riyadh, the Arab city which lies near the heart of the Arabian Peninsula. The courtyard is filled with cars in readiness for a hunting expedition. Ibn Saud is passionately fond of hunting and follows the chase to the point of venue by motor-car. The car is ousting the camel for all official purposes in Saudi-Arabia: other evidences of modernity are the wireless stations which lie between Riyadh and Mecca

PROTECTION FOR THE MACHINE-GUNNER ON AN ANTI-SUBMARINE TRAWLER: Two Nazi planes were shot down recently by the trawler *Bassett*. The gunners on this vessel are very well protected by the simple steel shields seen in the picture

A STEEL SHIELD FOR AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN CREW: Another picture from the trawler *Bassett*: and again complete protection for the gun crew is the keynote. This gun actually brought down one of the two Nazi planes secured recently by the trawler

The MODERN KNIGHT in ARMOUR

To Survive in Warfare To-day, Armour-Plating is Essential; and All Combatants must Fight from Behind Strong Steel Shields

By DONALD COWIE

AN outstanding feature of this war has been the increased use of armoured protection, not only for warships—which monopolised this form of defence over a long period—but also for fighting vehicles, guns, aircraft, men. It would almost seem that here we have a complete revolution in military methods, a virtual return to the system of the Middle Ages, when knights were bold, thanks to their shrewd assemblage of ironmongery. It is a revolution that has already borne its fruits in phenomenally low casualty-lists, and we owe it to the painstaking labours of our scientists in recent times.

Armour went out originally because it was too cumbersome and heavy, and those factors have governed its use ever since. Is it realised that a typical warship of fifty years ago carried armour plates no less than 24 ins. thick, and it was considered by experts then that any more armour would so reduce the speed of naval vessels that it would not be worth carrying? The trouble was that in those days it was impossible to increase the strength of armour save by thickening it. No wonder the device was all but abandoned for the purposes of land warfare. Men couldn't carry the weight of metal required to resist a bullet. Cavalry were the last to wear armour, those glittering cuirasses familiar to Horse Guards visitors, and the horses could take the strain, but soon the vulnerability of the animals themselves put an end to that. The soldier retained only one piece of metalled protection — his tin hat.

And that very tin hat contained the nucleus of the revolution which is here described. A young man named Robert Hadfield had experimented with a hard black mineral known as manganese, eventually producing a steel alloy which was not only tougher and stronger, but also *lighter* than any used before. Throughout the last war our Tommies unconsciously experimented with this, because their ugly but surprisingly efficient tin hats had been made of it.

That is not all. Other nations had also been busily at work in their laboratories. Harvey, an American, had invented a method of toughening steel by introducing carbon; Krupps, in Germany, had gone farther still by adding chromium to the nickel-carbon steel to produce what is known as cemented armour. The crux of the matter is, however, that Hadfield had demonstrated how steel could be toughened without increasing its weight. By working on that idea, scientists in recent times have produced alloys which can be used without undue inconvenience on the battlefield as armoured protection.

Still, it is doubtful whether even that metallurgical revolution would have made much difference but for the coincident development of the petrol engine. Here was a means of reintroducing the cavalry principle along with the new, lighter armour. Tanks, cars, tractors—not to mention aircraft—jumped into the martial place previously occupied by the medieval charger.

The growing importance of armour is demonstrated particularly by the evolution of the tank. At first this weapon was irresistible because the defence, with ordinary rifles and guns designed for other purposes, could not penetrate its armour. At the end of the last war, however, the Germans were developing useful anti-tank weapons, and most experts came to the conclusion that the vehicles must in future rely upon mobility for defence. So we all concentrated in the interregnum upon light, speedy tanks.

The Germans discovered that mistake first, in their attack on Poland. As a result they took the drastic step of scrapping many of their tanks, and throughout the foolish winter of 1939-40 they worked feverishly on the construction of heavier models and on increasing the armour of lighter ones.

We were finally galled to learn that the enemy had obtained much of his formidable new armour from the Poldino-Hut factory at Kladno, near Prague, and at Vitkovice, in Moravia. It was called "concrete steel," and would resist the fire of 1½-in. anti-tank weapons at 200 metres. So, ever since then, the Powers have been concentrating upon heavier and

COMPREHENSIVE PROTECTION FOR THE GUNNER ON A MINESWEEPER: Owing to the exposed position of the gun, full-length protection for the gunner is necessary. This is provided by two long plates of steel, hinged at the centre, and with an opening for the gun-barrel

THE LATEST IDEAS IN ARMOUR FROM AMERICA: One of the U.S. Army's new 25-ton tanks being tested. It carries a 75-mm. field gun, a 37-mm. anti-tank and anti-aircraft gun, as well as machine-guns

A VERY INGENIOUS DEVICE ON A MERCHANTMAN : The men operating the Hotchkiss gun are here protected by vanes, each of which provides a cubicle to be occupied for different angles of fire. The gun is anchored in the centre

AN ANTI-TANK GUN AND ITS SHIELD FOR THE CREW : This picture was taken during a recent visit by the King and Queen to a Canadian camp in England. The gun is one of the latest type, and its crew are well protected whilst working it

heavier armour for tanks, with a resulting increase in the vehicle's size. It is not permitted to give the exact resistant qualities of our new models, but photographs demonstrate clearly enough the strength of their all-enveloping armour. Particular attention to strength of armoured protection has also been paid by the Americans in the design of their mass-production 25-ton model, now rolling in increasing numbers from the Chrysler lines every day.

But the "armour-idea" has gone farther than that during this overturning war. Once upon a time the "armoured car" was something of a curiosity. To-day it has become the only type of car used by the military during operations. From the original armoured car and such vehicles as the Bren carrier have evolved a host of steel-protected lorries, tractors, two-seaters, ambulances, wireless cars—in fact, all the panoply of the newly-emerged armoured division. Even the Home Guard places thin, but amazingly tough plates of the new steel alloys round private cars and motor-buses. The fighting motor-cyclist has become a possibility, and rushes forward with a light plate in front to give him surprisingly adequate protection.

Nor does the modern knight in armour rely upon steel alone. The armour idea has been extended in our time to many other substances. We have heard about the bullet-proof tyres and glass on our fighting vehicles and aircraft.

Once a new idea has been accepted, its use extends widely. Thus we find increasing attention being paid to armour-protection for gun crews, both ashore and afloat. Casemates and shields were formerly fitted on large guns only, but to-day we find them used with the smallest weapons, particularly with automatics like the Bren, Lewis, Hotchkiss and Vickers. On the larger guns the plates were normally about one inch in thickness, affording protection against shell fragments and rifle fire.

But the employment of new alloys has enabled thinner plates to be fitted for many purposes, and there has been much experimentation recently in shapes. To-day you will find the light gunners on our ships standing in exposed positions and calmly holding their fire until attacking aircraft are well within range. They can do this thanks to the clever shield attached to their machine-guns, some protecting them from head to feet, others guarding head alone, while a few are designed in vanes, each providing a cubicle to be occupied for different angles of fire. All this started when the Nazis began their game of raking the exposed decks of ships with machine-gun fire, but it is fundamentally part of the wider move to employ more armour.

Armour in aircraft was formerly impossible on account of the weight, but the new alloys have again effected an important revolution, so much so that the fighters and bombers of to-morrow may be veritable flying tanks. The marriage of the tank and the aeroplane may indeed be one of the culminating wonders of this war. It all started, strangely enough, when our pilots began shooting at Messerschmitt attackers from below and in a vulnerable part not only of those aircraft but also of the tender Boche anatomy! The next batch of Me.'s came out with armoured seats, and a race began between German and British designers to decide who could build the best-protected aircraft! The improvement of the cannon-gun has, however, had a fundamental influence on this trend.

And now for the real knights in armour. Is there any likelihood of providing individual men with armoured protection? Official opinion still seems to be that there isn't much hope. But the Germans have already experimented with bullet-proof duralumin breast-plates for Storm-troopers, and it would be as well to keep an open mind on the subject, with ceaseless experiment to ascertain whether light alloys could not solve the problem. During the last war it took two years to convince the War Office that a shrapnel helmet might be practicable. One medical specialist in this country has for long been advocating the use of light chest-armour, based on his experience that most chest-wound casualties of 1914-18 died of hæmorrhage while in the trenches.

How many stories have we heard of cigarette-cases and wallets in breast-pockets deflecting a bullet and so saving a man's precious life? Yet another idea with which the scientists have been experimenting is a visor for the eyes, to guard against splinters.

That the armour idea will spread still further is unquestionable. The speed of developments will be governed by only two factors—first, progress of research in metallurgy, especially towards reducing the weight of protective plates; and second, readiness of the authorities to forget old prejudices and adopt new ideas.

A BRITISH TANK OF VERY UP-TO-DATE DESIGN, WHERE PROTECTION FOR THE CREW HAS BEEN CAREFULLY STUDIED : Every vulnerable spot in the modern tank has to be armoured : and when in the field this destructive engine of war is very difficult to subdue except with weapons specially designed for that express purpose

SPECIAL "SPHERE" SECTION

THE MEN WHO DO THE WORK

The Officers and Sergeants of the Royal Air Force

RANKS in the Royal Air Force seem to be more confused in the mind of the average man than those of any other Service. That is perhaps natural, for there are Flying Officers who have never flown, Squadron Leaders who have never commanded a squadron, and even some Wing Commanders who do not know one aeroplane from another.

But the confusion is perhaps even worse confounded in the lower ranks. And the position has been made no clearer by the recent announcements in the Press that a new rank of "Flight Sergeant Pilot" has been formed.

Up till the end of the last war, all pilots in the Royal Air Force were commissioned officers. When the war ended the R.A.F. was drastically reduced, and nearly all the new flying personnel were commissioned officers who passed through the Royal Air Force College, Cranwell. Some years later the Short Service Commission was instituted for men wishing to gain flying experience but not wanting to make the Royal Air Force a permanent career. In this way a reserve of trained pilots was built up.

At the same time, non-commissioned officers were trained for flying duties and the rank of Sergeant Pilot instituted. That is where much of the confusion in rank has originated. Officially there are three ranks of Sergeant Pilot, designated properly Sergeant (pilot), Flight Sergeant (pilot), and Warrant Officer (pilot). The chief differences are in pay; the Sergeant (pilot) receives 12s. 6d. a day, the Flight Sergeant (pilot) receives 15s. a day, and Warrant Officer (pilot), 16s. 6d. a day. The position is still further complicated by the existence of Sergeant Observers, Flight Sergeant Observers and Warrant Officer Observers; and Sergeant and Flight Sergeant Air Gunners, Wireless Operator/Air Gunners and Radio Operators (Air). There are also Sergeants, Flight Sergeants and Warrant Officers in the ground crews and staffs divided among the various R.A.F. trades.

On entering the Royal Air Force for flying training to-day, a man becomes an aircraftman (sometimes erroneously written aircraftsman). He emerges from his Initial Training Wing usually as Leading Aircraftman and is promoted to Sergeant Pilot when he leaves his Service Flying Training School and is chosen for a commission. Those who become officers are selected because of their special aptitude in leadership and particular educational and personal qualifications. The rest, which are the majority, are passed out into the Operational Training Squadrons as Sergeant Pilots, with chance of promotion to Flight Sergeant Pilot after six months and subsequently to Warrant Officer Pilot. At any time, if they show particular prowess, they may be promoted to commissioned rank. This promotion is optional and is sometimes refused by N.C.O. pilots on economic grounds.

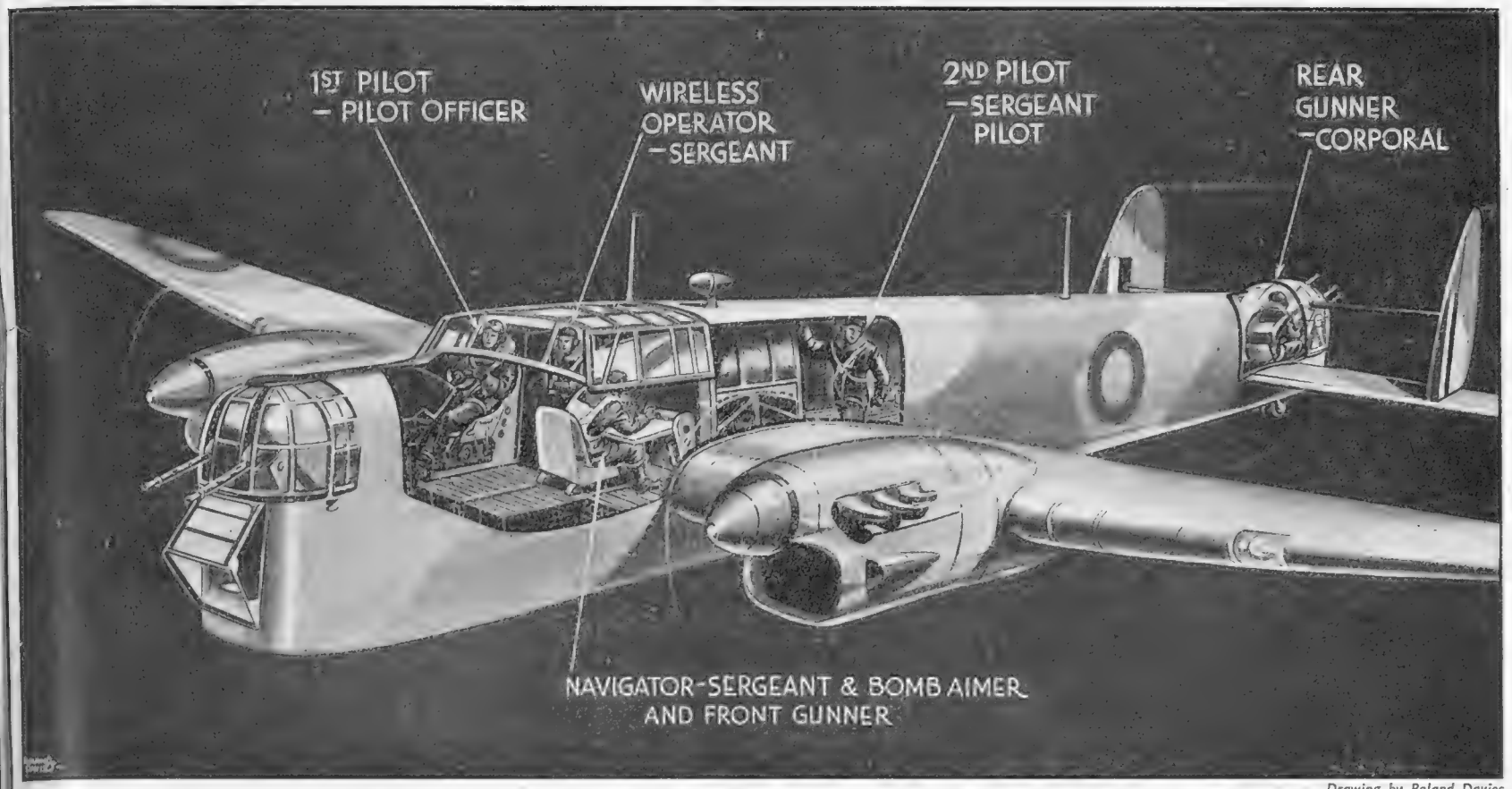
The N.C.O. pilots of the Royal Air Force in Bomber, Fighter and Coastal Command have shown by their ability, skill and initiative that they are superior in every respect to the German air-crews. N.C.O. fighter pilots are among those who have the greatest number of victories to their credit. A number of N.C.O. pilots of Bomber Command are often captains of their aircraft. The traditions of the Service are safe in their keeping.

FROM A SCOTTISH STATION OF THE R.A.F.—Spitfire pilots waiting in their hut on the aerodrome for an emergency call: All the pilots here hold the rank of Sergeant, one, it will be observed, being an Australian. The Sergeant Pilots of the R.A.F.—mostly in the Volunteer Reserve—have done magnificent work in this war. All are wearing their "Mae Wests" in case they have to come down over the sea

A SERGEANT PILOT (ON RIGHT) RELATES HIS EXPERIENCES TO HIS SQUADRON LEADER (ON LEFT) on returning from a "sweep" over France: During this action the Sergeant's radio was shot away and his guns put out of action by cannon fire; he made a safe landing, however

SQUADRON LEADER BARRIE HEATH AND "PIPPY": The two broad bands, with one narrower band in the centre, denote the rank of Squadron Leader. "Pippy" is the Squadron mascot and has no R.A.F. rank! Squadron Leader Heath flies a Spitfire bought by his father and named after his brother killed in the last war. He has just received the D.F.C.

A GROUP OF R.A.F. PILOTS WITH THE SQUADRON INTELLIGENCE OFFICER: The two men on the left are Sergeant Pilots (wearing their "Mae Wests"); next comes a Flight Lieutenant (two bands on his cuff); the Flying Officer (without the wings which are only worn by qualified pilots) is the Squadron Intelligence Officer—he is interrogating a young Free French pilot, a Sub-Lieutenant of the French Air Force and now flying with the R.A.F. (whose wings he wears on his left breast); on the right are another Flight Lieutenant (two bands on cuff) and a Squadron Leader, at extreme right of picture



Drawing by Roland Davies

HOW A TYPICAL BRITISH BOMBER CREW IS MADE UP; AND THEIR PLACES IN THE AIRCRAFT: In this picture the aircraft is a Whitley, which normally carries a crew of five. The first pilot, who is the captain of the aircraft, may hold rank from Squadron Leader down to Sergeant; the second pilot, too, may either be a Pilot Officer or Sergeant Pilot; then comes the Observer (often an officer, but sometimes a Sergeant), who is also navigator, front gunner and bomb-aimer; the wireless operator is nearly always a Sergeant; and the rear gunner, too, is mostly a Sergeant—although there are some officer air gunners. Usually, the rear gunner is also under training to become a wireless operator

THE RANKS OF THE ROYAL AIR FORCE

AIRCRAFTMEN	
Aircraftman—2nd Class (A/C 2)	Ground Staff or under training for Air Crew duties
Aircraftman—1st Class (A/C 1)	
Leading Aircraftman (LA/C)	
N.C.O.s	
Corporal	Ground Staff
Sergeant	Ground Staff
Sergeant Pilot	Air Crew
Sergeant Observer	
Sergeant Air Gunner	
Sergeant Wireless Operator/Air Gunner	
Sergeant Radio Operator (Air)	
Flight Sergeant	Ground Staff
Flight Sergeant Pilot	Air Crew
Flight Sergeant Observer	
Flight Sergeant Air Gunner	
Flight Sergeant Wireless Operator/Air Gunner	
Flight Sergeant Radio Operator (Air)	
Warrant Officer	Ground Staff
Warrant Officer Pilot	Air Crew
Warrant Officer Observer	

THE ALL-IMPORTANT FLIGHT SERGEANT: He wears the Sergeant's three stripes, surmounted by a crown—and he is a very high and mighty personage indeed! This one was assisting a newly-recruited W.A.A.F. to select her uniform

SERGEANTS ALL—AND HEROES ALL! The man on the left is a Sergeant Wireless Operator (denoted by the badge below the shoulder); the rest are all Sergeant Air Gunners. The picture was taken just after they had all received the Distinguished Flying Medal at an investiture held by the King at Buckingham Palace. The Sergeant Air Gunner in the foreground is Sergeant Hannah, V.C. Unless under very exceptional circumstances, no member of the R.A.F. is allowed to take part in operational flights, either in fighter or bomber aircraft, below the rank of Sergeant

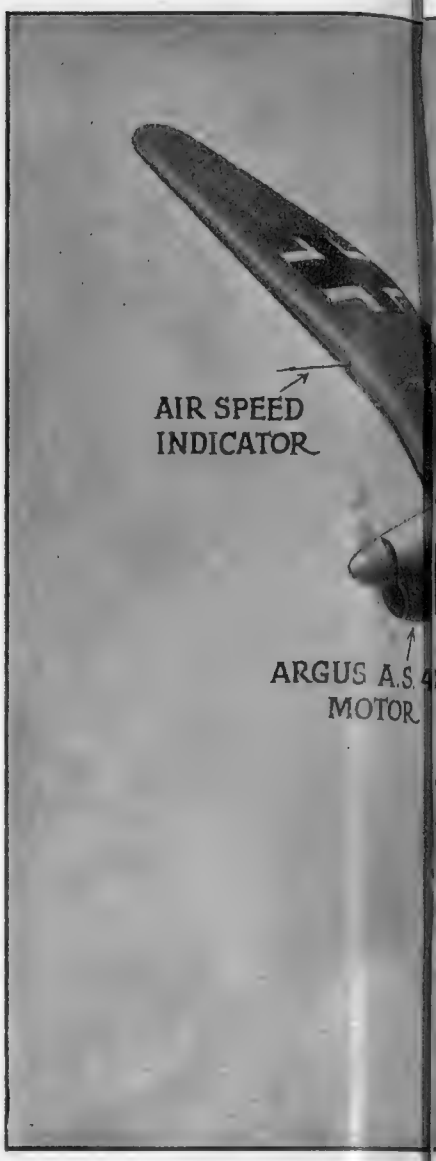
OFFICERS ALL—AND HEROES ALL! Flight Lieutenant Forsyth, Flying Officer Murray, Squadron Leader England and Flying Officer Bennett leaving the Palace after receiving the Distinguished Flying Cross from the King

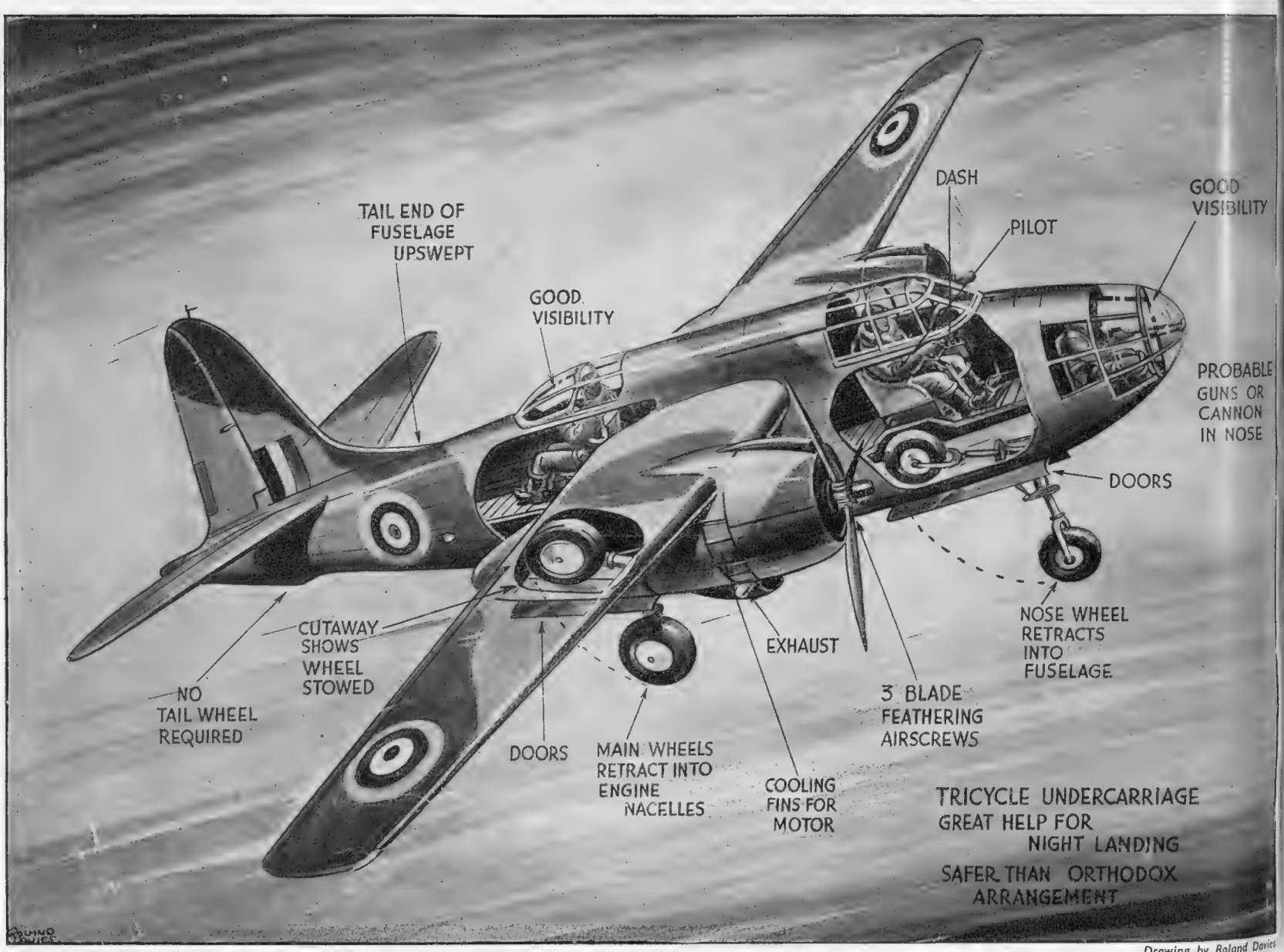
The NEW BRITISH NIGHT FIGHTER, The HAVOC

And Details of the New, Odd-Looking, German Reconnaissance Aircraft, the Focke-Wulf 189

ONE OF BRITAIN'S NEW NIGHT FIGHTERS—THE HAVOC, WHICH IS AN ADAPTATION OF THE AMERICAN DOUGLAS BOSTON BOMBER and which has already been successful in shooting down German night raiders over Britain. This aircraft has the new and unconventional "tricycle" undercarriage

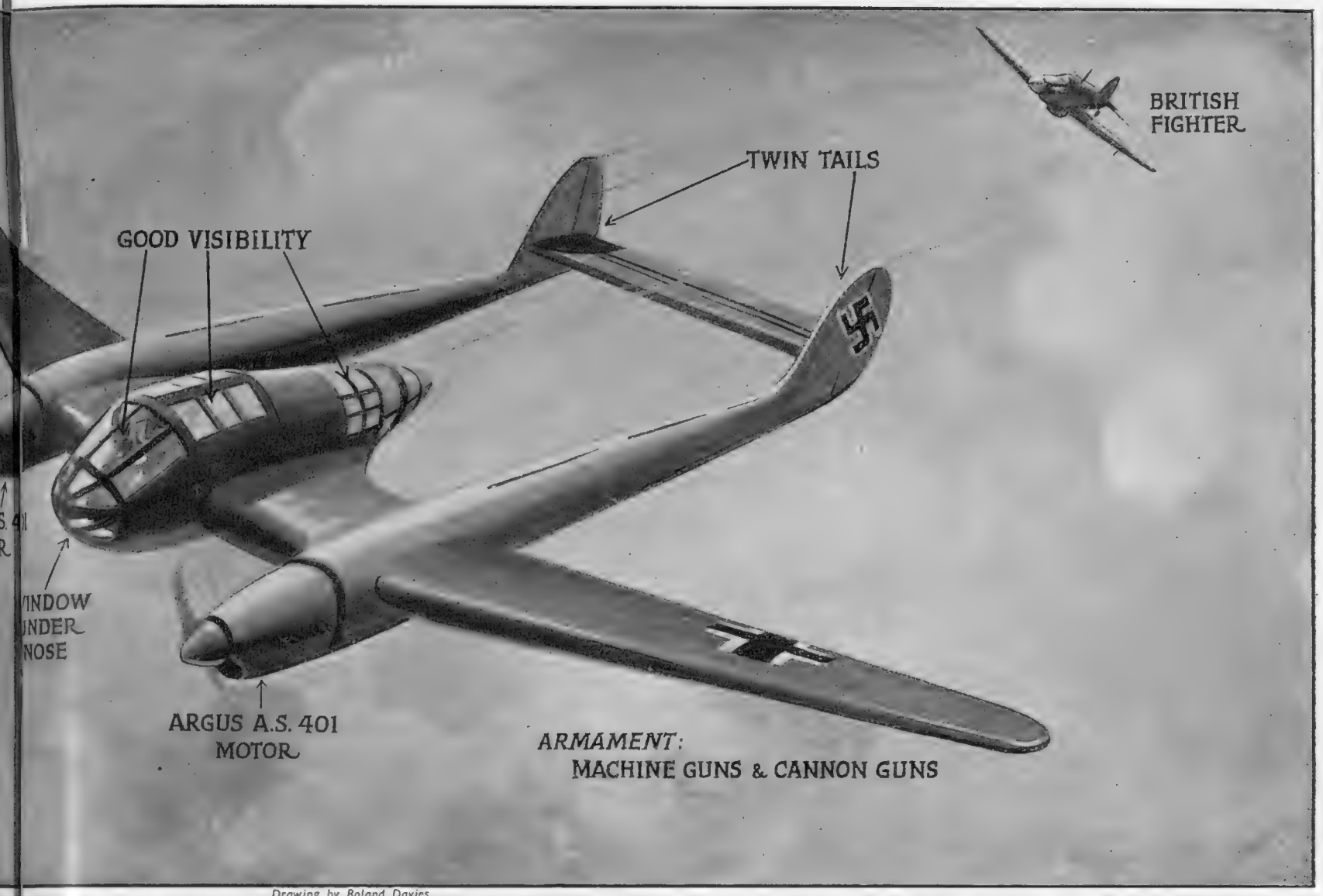
Night interception and the destruction of raiding enemy bombers have never been easy tasks: but a great forward step has been made by the employment of the Havoc as a night fighter. Basically, this aircraft is a Douglas Boston—a bomber which has already made a reputation for itself with the R.A.F. Adapted for night fighting, it carries a crew of three, leaving the pilot completely free to fly the aircraft whilst his forward and rear gunners assist in the search for the raiders, and bring about their downfall when located. For night operations, the "tricycle" undercarriage of the Havoc is of the greatest help—as it is safer than the orthodox arrangement when landing under difficult conditions. As pointed out recently in *The Sphere*, the Bostons now in service with the R.A.F. are the finish of a French order now turned over to Great Britain. The latest versions have a top speed of over 300 m.p.h. It is interesting to note that the wings are made up of four separate sections, the fuselage of three, and the tail unit of seven. In case of damage, therefore, these units can easily be replaced. When equipped as a night fighter, one of the two gunners has a place right forward in the transparent nose, where conditions are ideal for observation: he operates machine-guns—or, more probably, cannon: the gunner at the rear has also good visibility, but, of course, his view below is restricted by reason of the tail section. By concentrating on actually flying the aircraft and leaving the actual location of enemy aircraft to the others, the pilot is relieved of a good deal of strain: owing to its long range, the Havoc can remain in the air for patrols of considerable duration—an added and welcome feature for a night fighter. The special drawing reproduced below gives in detail a number of the constructional features of this newest of our air defenders





Drawing by Roland Davies

THE MANY OUTSTANDING FEATURES OF THE HAVOC: PRINCIPAL AMONGST THESE IS THE "TRICYCLE" UNDERCARRIAGE, FOR SAFER LANDINGS BY NIGHT: There is a crew of three—pilot and two gunners—so that the pilot can concentrate on flying the aircraft, leaving the location and interception of the German night raiders to his two companions, who are seated in the nose and at the rear of the aeroplane



Drawing by Roland Davies

A NEW GERMAN AIRCRAFT OF UNUSUAL DESIGN: The Focke-Wulf Fw.189, now in service with the *Luftwaffe* for reconnaissance and Army co-operation duties: Reference to the picture *on the right* will show certain points of resemblance between the German aircraft pictured *above* and the new fighter aircraft which the R.A.F. have ordered in large quantities from the United States. But the resemblance is only superficial! The Focke-Wulf has been designed for reconnaissance and Army co-operation: it suffers all the defects hitherto associated with such types, whose principle functions are photography and artillery observation—its two engines give it a top speed of 222 m.p.h., with a much lower cruising speed; it can climb at a rate of 1,640 ft. per minute, and has a service ceiling of 27,550 ft. For a reconnaissance plane the Fw.189 is fairly well armed, with two fixed machine-guns firing forward from under the nose, a movable machine-gun on a cupola-mounting at the top of the nacelle, and a fourth machine-gun in the abbreviated tail. But it would stand a very poor chance in an encounter with fighter aircraft. The Lockheed P.38, on the other hand, despite its outward resemblance to the Focke-Wulf, is an entirely different proposition: it is, to begin with, amongst the world's fastest fighter aircraft. It is a two-seater, possesses two very powerful motors, is heavily armed and has a ceiling of 30,000 ft.

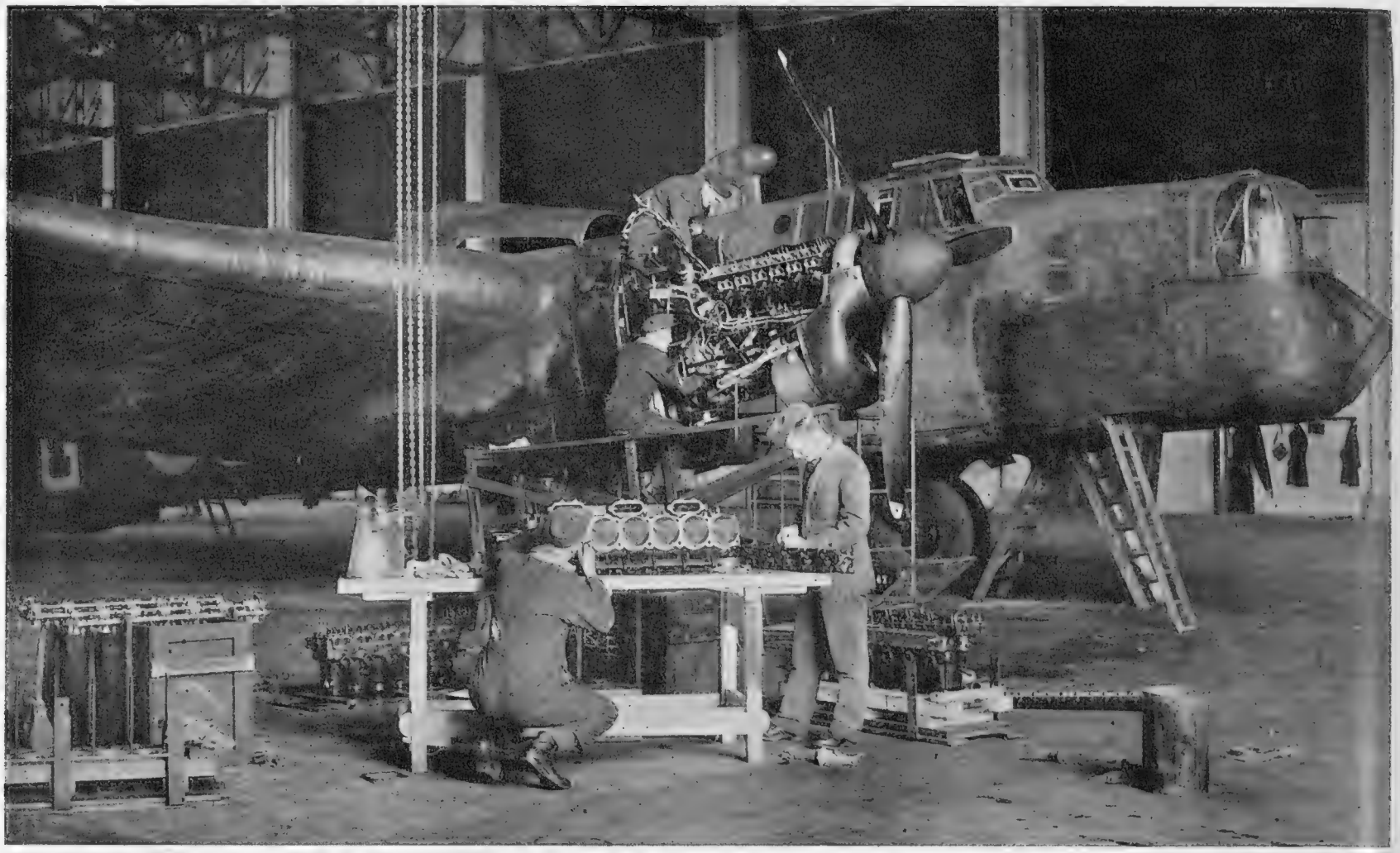
AN AMERICAN AEROPLANE OF SOMEWHAT SIMILAR DESIGN TO THE FOCKE-WULF—The Lockheed P.38, for which an order has been placed by the R.A.F. of £15,000,000

Drawing by Roland Davies

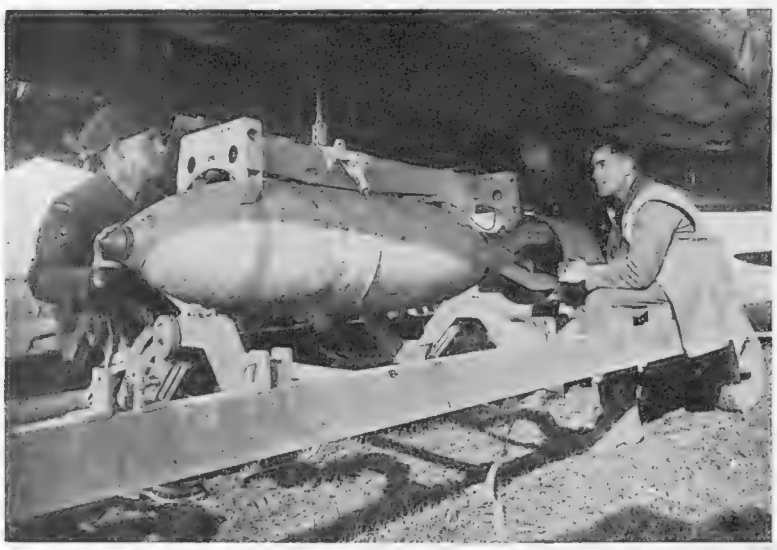
THE CURTISS TOMAHAWK, ONE OF THE NEW FIGHTER AIRCRAFT WHICH THE AMERICANS ARE PRODUCING FOR THE R.A.F. Armed with four machine-guns and two cannon-guns, this American aircraft can be compared with our own Hurricanes with whose performance it is comparable

On left—

In the R.A.F. great interest has been created in the new American fighter aircraft which in the United States goes by the name of the Curtiss P.40 (P stands for "pursuit," or as we should say, "fighter") and is known in this country as the Tomahawk. This aircraft is a single-seat monoplane: at the moment it is armed with six machine-guns, or four machine-guns and two cannon-guns: but later it is to be equipped with eight and possibly twelve guns. It has a liquid-cooled Allison engine, which gives it a top speed in the region of 330 m.p.h. The Tomahawk is in squadron service with the R.A.F., and it is popular with our pilots on account of its high manœuvrability, and its great initial rate of climb. Recently a striking comparison was made between the Tomahawk and the Hurricane, when two pilots of equal accomplishment fought a mock battle to demonstrate the good points of each aircraft. It was then decided that there was very little to choose between the two types



THE MOST IMPORTANT WORK OF ALL: OVERHAULING A WHITLEY BOMBER IN THE SHEDS: Before an aircraft can figure in the nightly raids over Germany, it must satisfy the very strictest requirements as to its air-worthiness. Hence the reliability of British aircraft, and their superiority over every other operational type in use in the war to-day. Hence, also, the very great numbers of the R.A.F.'s "ground staff." It has been estimated that for every man who flies there are some thirty or forty men on the ground. After a stated number of hours in the air, every aircraft in the R.A.F. has to undergo overhaul—"light" or "complete," as the case may be. It is this first-class maintenance work which gives our pilots confidence in the aeroplanes they operate



A VERY "BEAUTIFUL" BOMB IS CAREFULLY HAULED INTO POSITION: The Flight-Sergeant (on the left) is seeing to the proper disposition of this 1,000-lb. bomb in the bomb compartment beneath the fuselage of a Whitley long-range aircraft. Later it will be released over Germany

NEW BLADES FOR OLD—DAMAGED AIRSCREWS AWAITING THE ATTENTION OF THE EXPERT: After damage, these blades are not consigned to the scrap heap but are sent to a salvage department of Rotols: here, unless they are beyond repair, they are treated by experts and ultimately sent back to the R.A.F. for further service. It is estimated that 75 per cent. of airscrew blades can be repaired and put back into use

RECALLING THE RAIDERS

A RECENT raid on Merseyside and the West Country ceased with great suddenness; so abruptly, indeed, that many have conjectured the reason. One perfectly sound theory is that the German bombers received a radio message regarding a deterioration in weather at their home aerodrome, with a likelihood of heavy fog.

It is believed that enemy aerodromes in occupied France send out their messages on a low power and these are picked up by "U"-boats and re-transmitted in some strength on the short waves. By this method it is unlikely that the aerodrome wave will be picked up and its position charted by our aircraft whilst, even if the submarine's position is located, this craft will have dived and be out of the neighbourhood by the time attacking planes arrive.

The message transmitted on the short waves from a submarine would be received by the modern bomber with ease, though it must be stated that it is not easy to estimate the working range of aeroplane radio. This applies particularly to Fighter craft, whose accommodation for radio is limited and may not have the aerial efficiency of the bomber.

Therefore, aeroplane-to-ground working with the smaller planes is between sixty and seventy miles and communication between plane and plane some thirty-five miles. Yet, recently one of our bombers was able to talk with his home station when over Milan.

HOMING BY RADIO

FROM the time our bombers leave the English coast-line when going on a night raid, until they are on their return journey, no radio messages are sent or received. After a trip of some hours' duration and the machines are speeding homewards, it is necessary for the navigator to check his position by means of directional wireless or radio compass. For the wind in the meantime may have changed and the weather become uncertain, and without this check the pilot would possibly be far from his course.

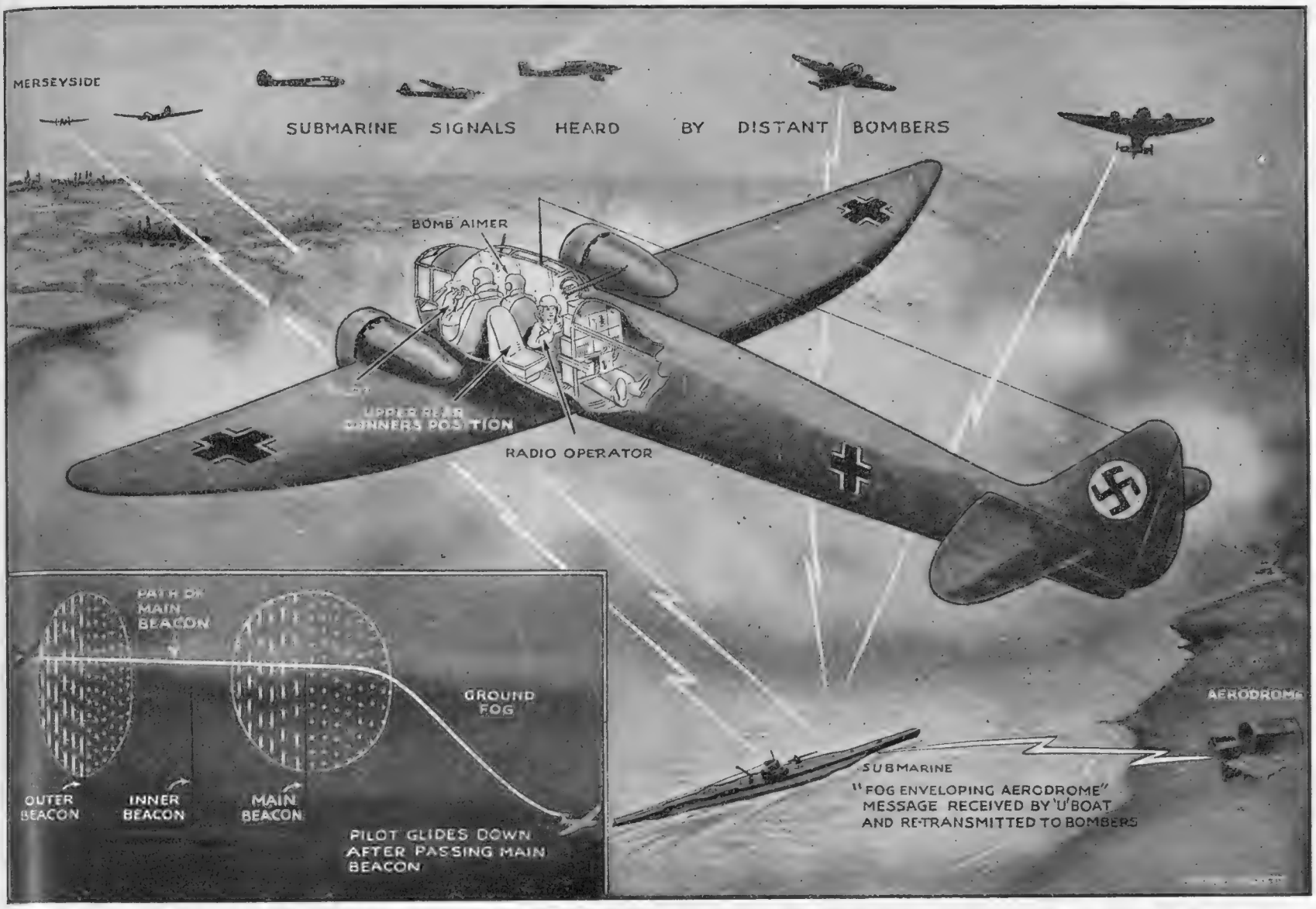
The principle of direction-finding has been used on many ordinary portable radio sets where the instrument has to be turned "edge-on" to the wanted station to get maximum results. So with the loop aerial seen over the cockpit of our bombers. When the loop is "broadside-on" to the station radiating a signal, a "minimum" signal is heard, but by rotating the loop gradually, the signal reaches "maximum" strength "edge-on."

On the radio compass within the cabin of the plane, the bearing of the plane can be charted. To get a correct "radio fix," the wireless operator must get bearings from two stations; the navigator then knows the lines on which the plane is travelling and can inform the pilot of his position.

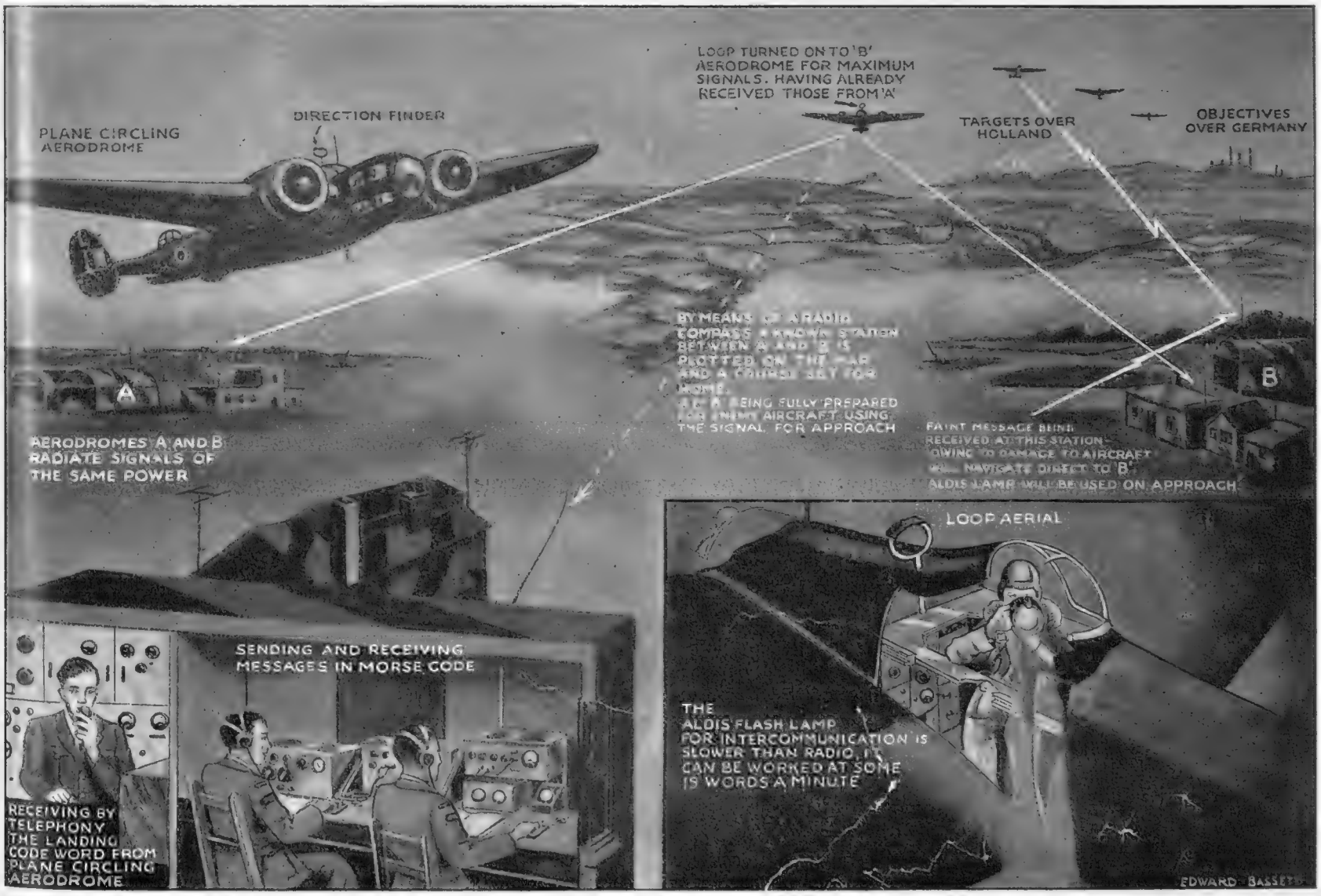
During the foregoing proceedings, the radio operator has had to make allowances for "night error"—that is, the deflection of the transmitted waves downwards, due to certain atmospheric electrical actions at night or to the difference in speed of wireless waves over land and water. Near the coast-line, too, a bend in the wave is apt to occur, and this may cause the compass reading to be incorrect and both conditions will give blurred signals.

The two stations which send out the continuous signals are fully prepared to meet any attack made on them by enemy aircraft who may have picked up the wave also, and night fighters and anti-aircraft units stand by to beat off hostile aircraft.

Between the two stations is the home aerodrome to which the navigator has plotted the pilot's course, and when fairly close to it the radio operator will send out recognition signals to prevent attack by his friends.



WHY DO CERTAIN ENEMY RAIDS ON BRITAIN SUDDENLY FADE OUT? IN MOST CASES THIS IS CAUSED BY A SUDDEN DETERIORATION IN THE WEATHER, WHEN THE BOMBERS ARE IMMEDIATELY RECALLED BY RADIO. The above drawing and the accompanying notes (on the left) explain how the recall order is given from aerodrome, via submarine, to bomber.—*Drawing by Edward Bassett*



AFTER THE RAID IS OVER AND THE BRITISH BOMBER HAS TURNED BACK TOWARDS ITS BASE: THE METHOD BY WHICH THE JOURNEY HOME IS ACCOMPLISHED BY MEANS OF A RADIO COMPASS; AND HOW THE PLANE SIGNALS ITS IDENTITY TO ITS AERODROME BEFORE LANDING.—*Drawing by Edward Bassett*

PICTURES from BEHIND the ENEMY'S LINES

THE GERMAN CAMPAIGN IN GREECE: The German caption to this picture reads as follows: "A unit of German Alpine troops traversing rough, mountainous country which is so typical of Greece, during their advance towards Larissa, the important Greek town".

GERMAN TANKS MOVING ON RAILWAY TRACKS THROUGH TYPICAL GREEK SCENERY ON THEIR WAY TO LARISSA: In the background is the slope leading up to the Fortress of Polikastell, which was savagely defended by the Greeks

MASTER AND MAN IN LIBYA: General Italo Gariboldi, the Italian Commander-in-Chief (so far as the Germans will permit !), driving with General Rommel, the Nazi chief, through Tripoli. On this occasion German and Italian troops paraded for them

GERMAN HEAVY TANKS IN "MUSSOLINI STREET": A scene in one of the main thoroughfares of Tripoli, with Italian sailors watching amongst the crowd. Note that identification numbers on the tanks have not been blocked out by the German censors

INTELLIGENCE WORK IS HARDER NOW

A Survey of the Situation with Regard to the British Secret Service

By FERDINAND TUOHY

"INFORMATION," said Mr. Hore-Belisha, "is the weakest spot in our strategical armour." Mr. Churchill retorted that our Intelligence Service, which was considered the best in the last war, was "not the worst in the world" to-day. Yet this did not satisfy a lot of people, and subsequently the Mystery of Rudolf Hess whetted further appetites. Were we going to be hoodwinked over that, too? British Intelligence was further analysed and dissected by prominent minds. That it had been consistently late with the goods, or had failed to get them altogether, was the gravamen of the charge.

Mr. Churchill obviously didn't feel like explaining a great deal to Mr. Hore-Belisha. Yet in the background was a listening nation which wishes to bite into this war—all aspects of it—as people never bit before, and precisely because Intelligence is so succulent a subject, a few additional hard facts were perhaps indicated. If there existed no parliamentary precedent for so doing, that pointed to a flaw in the conduct of the last war. A debate on Intelligence at the turn of 1916-17 would have been an extremely good thing. In his "World Crisis" Mr. Churchill rightly inferred that Haig's fearful attrition battles were stimulated by, indeed reposed on, a faulty Intelligence. "Over-optimistic" was the Churchillian diagnosis; but the point is that this privileged observer was writing memoranda *at the time* calling for the breaking-off of successive "battles." It wasn't a case of his being wise after the event.

The first thing that arises, therefore, is Mr. Churchill's peculiar suitability to deal with any "over-optimism" which may show itself again to-day. There was assuredly over-optimism after our capture of Benghazi, but was it on the part of Intelligence? That, we are unable to appraise since we don't know what interpretation this Branch put on events for the benefit of presiding general officers. Our knowledge begins with what these officers decreed—namely, that a solitary armoured brigade should be left to protect Cyrenaica.

Well, it was very necessary that the enemy should not get to know this, but perhaps he did. Perhaps the Axis Intelligence learnt of our skeleton holding, and that Hitler ordered Rommel all-out in consequence, on the excellent principle of doing what your opponent least awaits of you. In this case, we lapsed also on the *Security* side, part of Intelligence's job being to prevent, by trick and stunt if need be, accurate enemy appraisal of one's Order of Battle.

Some M.P. critics don't seem to appreciate where Intelligence begins or stops; just as many of the public appear to be under the impression that Secret Service constitutes the whole bag of tricks, whereas it is only a limited section, if a highly important one. The edifice of Intelligence is as a pyramid whose stones are put patiently in place from manifold sources—naval, aerial, army, political (Foreign Office), commercial. The great thing is to get these Services swapping sufficiently but not overcrowdingly. There 's always a tendency to sit on something as specially private to one's own service, or else to decide "those blokes won't be interested in this"—meaning the Army or the Navy won't be interested in something the Air Force has got hold of.

When M.P.s impute inefficiency either to the several Intelligence Branches, or, failing them, to those whose job it is to interpret their information, they display confusion of thought. Intelligence is itself wont to interpret ("make out the meaning of"). Where it stops short is in making use of said interpretations. An instance: when a soldier like Rommel is signalled in Libya, it is not only for Intelligence to report the fact. They must go on record with its implications. "Hitler, therefore, has suddenly sent his pet Panzer expert to Tripoli. Rommel's record shows that . . ." etc.

Hitler's revolutionary methods have invaded no branch more thoroughly than Intelligence, but you 've got to be totalitarian to draw the benefits—let critics remember that—while it is also advisable to realise with the Prime Minister that the Nazis can strike out in one, two, or three different directions simultaneously out of a choice of seven or eight, an unheard-of position, and that, it being utterly out of the question for us to be adequately in strength everywhere to combat

HITLER EXAMINES A YUGOSLAV MEMORIAL: On the entry of the Germans into Serajevo the Germans first disfigured and then removed the memorial plaque commemorating the assassination of the Archduke Ferdinand in 1914—the cause of the last war. The plaque has now been placed on exhibition in a Berlin museum after its examination by Hitler

HITLER ON HIS BIRTHDAY, APRIL 21: In this picture, on the extreme right, is Martin Bormann, who was formerly chief of staff to Rudolf Hess, now a prisoner after his voluntary flight to this country. Bormann has now succeeded Hess in command of the Nazi Party machine, but has not been nominated "Deputy Führer" as was his former chief

GERMAN TANK CROSSING A MOUNTAIN STREAM: Flying a small swastika the tank makes the crossing, despite the tearing current swirling down the swollen river

THE NAZIS ROUND UP GREEKS FOR TRANSFERENCE TO LABOUR CAMPS: Long lines of Greek males—very few of them are soldiers, it will be noticed—are here being marched (according to the German caption to this picture) to "Berlin." Forcing civilians to work is in direct contravention of all International agreements

Hitler's diversity of choice, "Members are not likely to run short of cases where they will be able to point to our lack of foresight."

Another notion with parts of this curious House of Commons, which should pipe down on foresight, is that our Intelligence failed over Vichy too. We did not keep pace with the Darlan-Laval Axis, else we should certainly have intervened with checking action of some kind. A juster appreciation would be that Darlan operated ever with his gaze on our tied hands. He knew how hard it was for us to take counter-measures without injuring the French people and thereby rousing criticism in the United States and Quebec. Once again: inability to act is confused with failure to interpret what 's happening.

It is also well to bear in mind that the successes of Intelligence are considerably a matter of luck. Take the refloating by the Russians of a German warship sunk in the Baltic, and the discovery aboard of the German naval code, which Tirpitz continued to use, so that we were able to foretell the Dogger Bank and Jutland by intercepting wireless signals. Take the erring into the fluid Allied line near Ballieul, in October 1914, of two men of a German cyclist unit. This told of the arrival of four army corps whose very existence was unknown, and of an expansion of general reserve strength which we hadn't thought possible before 1915.

It is a harder all-round job for our Intelligence to-day, and for several obvious enough reasons. The very reputation this Branch won for itself in 1914-18, sent the Germans most studiously to school long before Hitler, and school-books were plentiful and expert. Even former chiefs of Intelligence set down in print much of how they had done it. Methods and stratagems were uncovered, revelations made of successes, as also of difficulties unsuspected by the other side. No people were hotter than the Germans at picking up all this.

Another of our handicaps has to do with Axis jugglery with their own and foreign diplomats, so that under "non-belligerence" or some other stunt these remain planted in ideal observing positions. In its most blatant development, this led to a German Ambassador remaining openly in Athens for six months after Germany's active Ally, Italy, had gone to war with Greece. And all that happened after Germany too had assailed Greece was that the personnel of the German Embassy was invited to keep indoors! During the entire period, British intervention in Greece passed as an open book underneath German eyes.

Dictators, when faced by these anomalies, invite such diplomats to get a move on—as Mussolini did after the United States Consuls at Naples and Palermo had displayed interest in Germany's Sicilian enterprise, or as Stalin does by barring foreign diplomats from whole stretches of the country, or by quashing them entirely, as he did recently in relation to several countries allied to Britain. Our treatment of doubtful diplomats is vastly different: when they keep their lights showing in London's *Blitz*, the Foreign Office cannot see its way to do more than very much hope they 'll draw their blinds!

Anything that makes for clarity these times is to the good, so do not let us bundle a whole lot of things together and, when things go wrong, proceed on the basis of "*What 's wrong with our Intelligence?*" That 's no question; nor is there an answer to it. To see daylight, cases have to be examined separately.

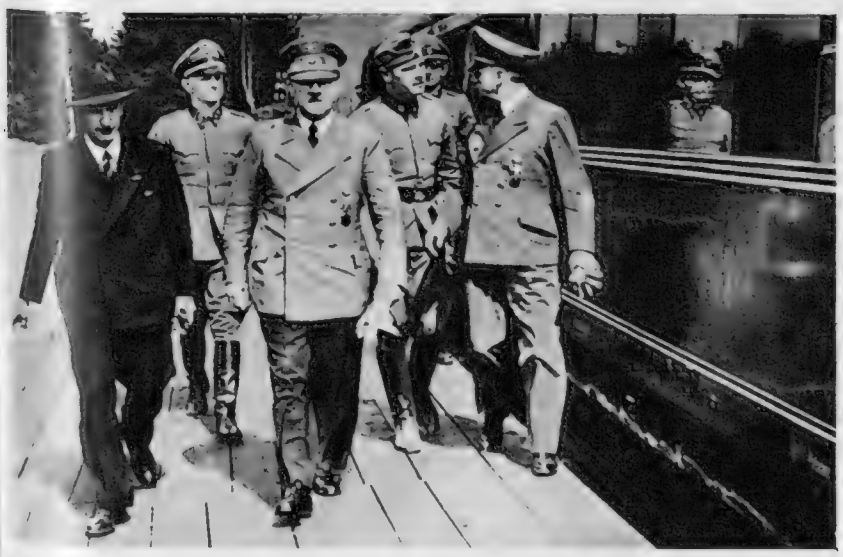
There 's not a scrap of doubt that some of the more fact-liking critics are drawn into an attack on Intelligence as a whole by their perfectly justified impatience to see us develop the political warfare weapon in relation to the Captive States. These critics believe in the extraordinary results that may be derived from keeping the captives up to the mark all over Europe, and in undermining the various German occupations from within. Many weeks ago, in THE SPHERE, I tried to work out how this might be done, and it remains a subject of vital concern. Those who retort that the weapon of political warfare can only operate in the wake of military success, have no proper hold on the situation.

To resume matters: Intelligence is a triple affair. Collecting it. Interpreting it. And employing it. In regard to the two first, I fail to see why the aptitude of our sons, now in Intelligence work, should fall short of their fathers' effort. However, that they are up against a more difficult proposition—that is quite certain.

In regard to making use of the information we get, an essential is that it shall be properly pooled by all branches. After that, we can only rely on our high executive officers, and on the Committee of Defence and War Cabinet.

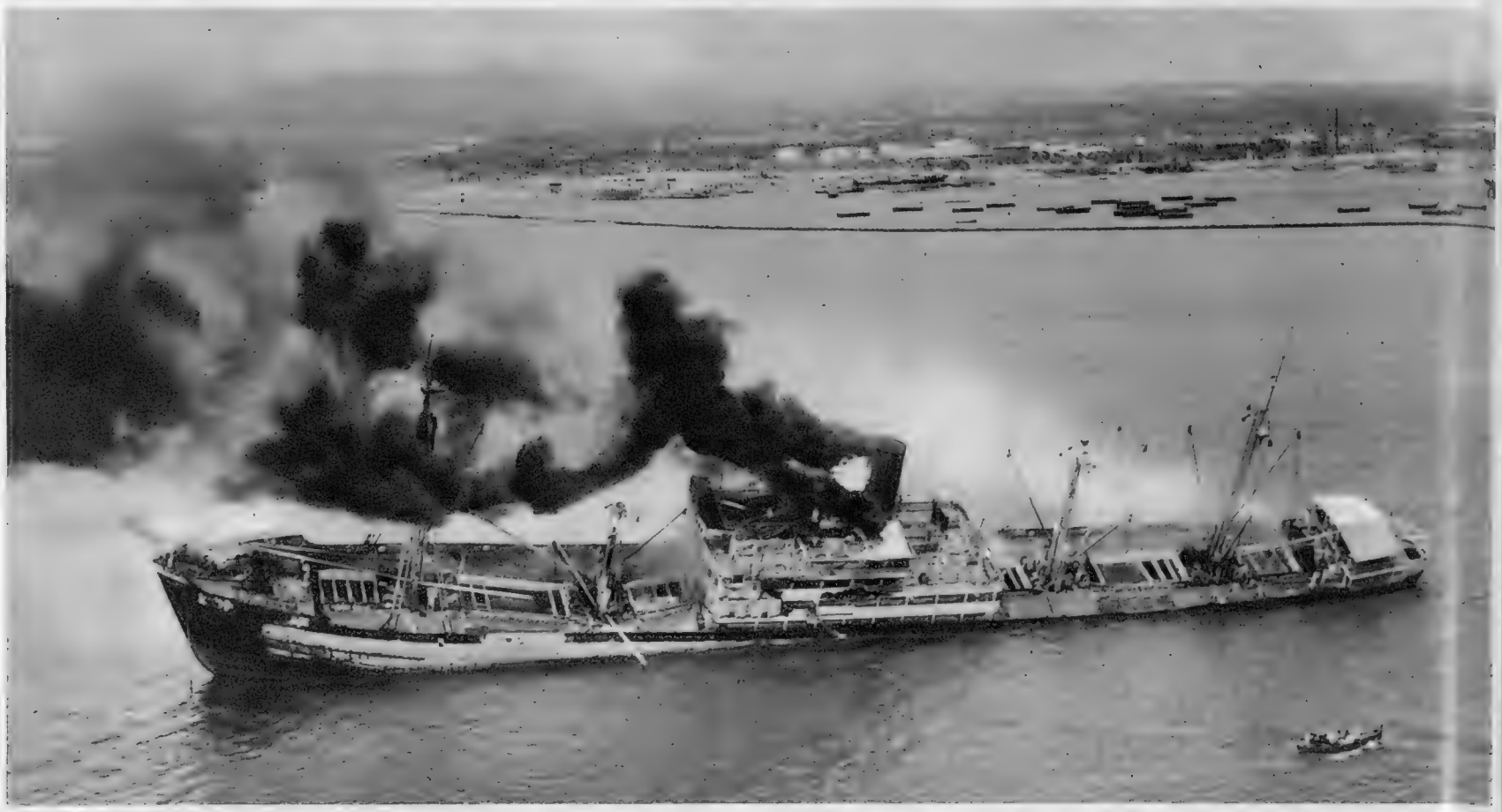
DR. SCHACHT ON HIS HONEYMOON: The former German Finance Minister and his young wife at the Hotel du Lac, Vevey, in Switzerland. Frau Schacht is a Yugoslavian; she was born in the town of Lipik

THE "FOX OF EUROPE": Franz von Papen, Nazi Envoy to Turkey, talks to Field-Marshal Keitel at Hitler's H.Q. Note that the diplomat has taken to brass buttons and now sports the Iron Cross



THE SON OF FOXY FERDINAND VISITS HIS "PROTECTOR": King Boris of Bulgaria, stigmatised by Mr. Churchill as a "traitor" and as crafty as his deposed father, is here seen with Hitler and with von Ribbentrop. This picture was taken during a visit to the Führer's "Rolling Headquarters" when Hitler was in the Balkans during the Greek and Yugoslav campaign

FIELD-MARSHAL KEITEL, HITLER AND GÖRING: This picture comes from the Führer's Headquarters in Berlin. Keitel is the Chief of the German General Staff and is reputed to be the leader of the "Yes-Men." Göring is the commander of the *Luftwaffe* and the second most important man in Germany to-day, and Hitler's nominated successor



A NAZI SHIP FIRED BY HER CREW IN PERU: THE GERMAN "MONSERRATE," BURNING AND LISTING AFTER THE SHIP HAD BEEN FIRED OFF LIMA

The German sailors also opened the sea-cocks before abandoning the ship. Another German vessel, the *Leipzig*, was also scuttled as the Peruvian authorities began to follow the example of the United States in seizing Axis ships in American waters. The *Monserrate* was one of the finest and most up-to-date freighters in the Hamburg-American fleet, a Diesel-electric ship of 5,578 tons, built in 1938. The above picture is the finest possible justification of the methods taken by the United States and South American republics against sabotage. The damage done by such a wreck to the entrance channel of a port is obvious. If the wind had been on-shore instead of alongshore it would have taken the sparks and fuel-oil burning on the surface of the water straight down to the oil depot, whose white tanks are seen in the picture, with disastrous consequences for other shipping

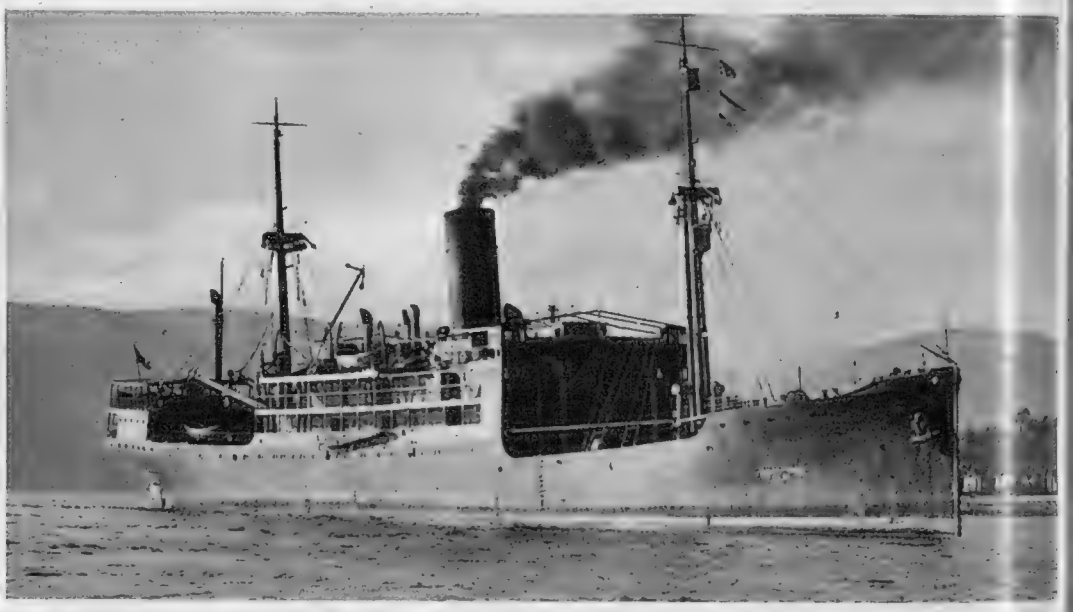
GERMANY'S VANISHING MERCHANT FLEET

Nearly 3,000,000 Tons out of a Total of 4,500,000 German Tonnage and 3,425,000 Italian has been Lost to These Two Enemies Since the War Began

By FRANK BOWEN

ONE of Germany's pet plans, which appears to have been formulated well before the outbreak of war, is to make herself the world's one great shipping and shipbuilding power. At the present time the people, especially in the big seaport towns which have been so regularly bombed, are in need of comfort, and this is given to them by the most elaborate details of their post-war prospects when Britain's whole shipping business will be one of the greatest prizes, her valuable entrepot trade will be moved to Germany and will bring prosperity, and the whole conquered world will be forced to rely on Germany's shipping and shipbuilding for all its needs. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that all reference to the post-war position of the partners in the Axis is carefully omitted from these plans; at the present time it would not be wise to give them warning, but it is significant that there is no mention of sharing the spoil.

The position of Germany's shipping in 1914, 1919 and 1939 is illuminating. Before the outbreak of the late war she was second in the world table, only exceeded by Britain, and had 2,090 sizeable ships of 5,135,000 tons gross. After the war she had about 3,000,000 tons of merchant shipping left, and under the Treaty of Versailles 2,300,000 tons of this had to be delivered in practically all the ships of over 1,600 tons, and 77,000 tons in ships of between 1,000 and 1,600, in which class they were allowed to retain 50 per cent.; 25 per cent. of their fishing vessels also had to be surrendered and the greater part of the tonnage which they had under construction. They were left with about half a million tons completed and 112,000 tons building. At the outbreak of the present war Germany was fifth in the world's table with 2,459 ships of 4,482,662 tons gross, Britain, the United States, Japan and Norway being ahead of her in the order named. Roughly 20 per cent. of this total was less than five years old, and in 1938 the Nazi Government had started a big shipbuilding scheme to restore the merchant service to its 1914 position.



A PRESENT FROM GERMANY: the "Wahehe"—This Woermann liner, on the African service, of 4,709 tons, was built in 1922 with State assistance to compensate the owners for ships which had to be surrendered in reparation. At the outbreak of war she sheltered in Vigo, Spain, when out-bound for West Africa. She slipped out in February 1940 in an attempt to get back to Germany. Before the end of the month the Admiralty reported that she had been caught by a British warship, whose crew had prevented her sailors from scuttling her. On June 19, 1940, she was condemned by the Prize Court and it was publicly stated in court that she had been in British service since April

THE GERMAN TANKER, "PAULINE FRIEDRICH," IN BOSTON HARBOUR: Coinciding with the explosion of a bomb in a German office in New York last year, fire broke out at the wharf in Boston where the German tanker, *Pauline Friedrich* (4,733 tons) has been lying since September 1939. Other incidents at this same time included the throwing of a bomb into the offices of an American newspaper in New York, and the receiving of a threatening letter by the German Consul in Philadelphia

When Germany attacked Poland the authorities took precautions to prevent the British Navy capturing merchant ships as they did in 1914. This was made easier by pre-arrangement and the use of wireless telegraphy, but a certain amount of risk had to be taken in order to avoid spoiling the surprise, a risk which seemed all the more justified because of Ribbentrop's definite assurance that Britain would not fight. So the prize list was very disappointing, but German shipping completely disappeared from all seas outside the Baltic.

Then a few ships which had sought sanctuary in neutral harbours began to slip home through Norwegian territorial waters, although Norway's scrupulous regard for her neutrality, which permitted this to be done, did not save her from aggression and spoliation.

Several of the ships were intercepted by the Navy and the definite German policy of scuttling at sea was started, a policy which has lost them the regard of seamen, even Japanese seamen, for ever. Various means were adopted, the only one which was never tried being the opening of the sea-cocks so beloved by the layman. No seaman would ever dream of doing such a thing, for it would be quite ineffective. The inrush of water would be comparatively small

A GERMAN SHIP GIVES UP WITHOUT FIRING A SHOT: The German express motor cargo-boat *Weser* (9,179 tons) was captured off Manzanillo, the Mexican Pacific port, in September last by the Canadian armed merchant cruiser *Prince Robert*. The latter fired one star shell across the bows of the German vessel, but the Nazis did not fight. The *Weser* was loaded with coke, peat, moss and oil, and its cargo was stated to be worth £333,000. This was the first naval prize of the war for Canada

and the boarding party would generally have the opportunity of closing the cocks before much damage was done. Smashing the condenser inlets or removing their covers floods the ship very much more quickly and the water would soon cover the place and prevent the inrush being stopped. Explosive charges against the plating of the ship were often used and other vessels were burned, their crews taking to the boats with the full assurance that they would be picked up and well treated by the British.

When Germany obtained possession of the whole European coast from the North Cape to the Bay of Biscay it made all the difference, for it was quite impossible for the British Navy, practically unaided, to blockade such a length of coastline as effectively as it desired, and a few ships contrived to slip in and out. Considering all things, their number has been surprisingly few, but it has, unfortunately, included several dangerous raiders. A number of German ships which had sought refuge in friendly and neutral ports in distant seas, particularly in the Red Sea and Indian Ocean, attempted to slip away to South America as the first stage of their voyage home, but this did not prove as easy as had been anticipated and several were intercepted by the Navy.

Attempts were made to sell several ships to gullible neutrals, but most of them were perfectly well aware that such transfers in wartime could not be regarded under International Law, and they only succeeded in the case of three ships to the Argentine, which has not been able to send them to sea since.

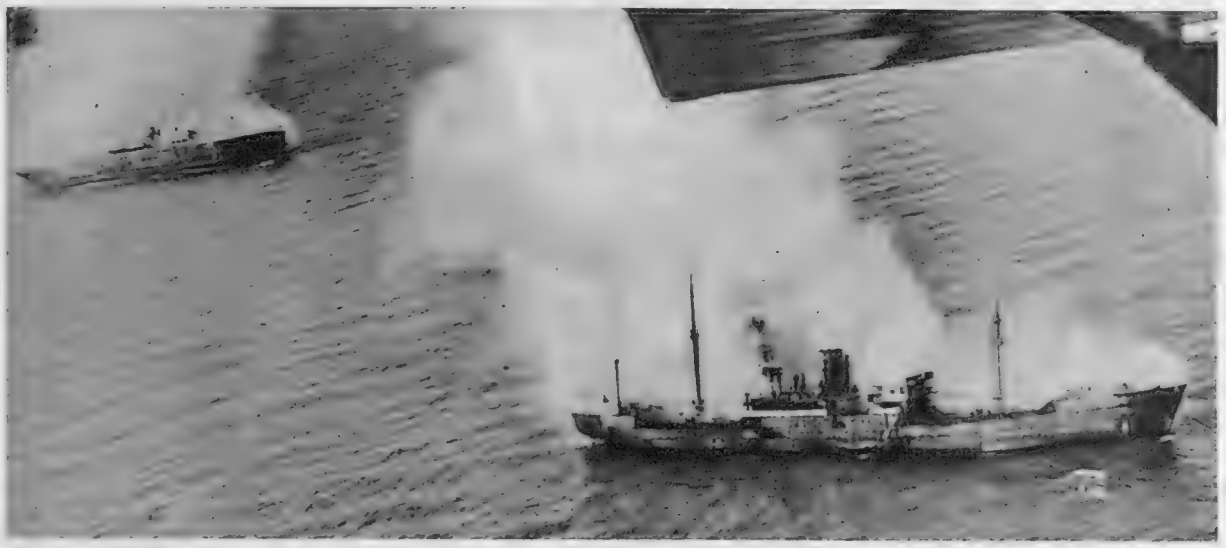
As the Nazis' hope of a lightning victory disappeared, the shortage of carrying capacity became serious and the overrunning of the neutral countries in Northern Europe gave them little more than small ships, although there were a good many of those. They enjoyed a feeling of security with their supply services running along the seized coasts, very well protected by mines and shore batteries, and the British submarines and surface men-of-war had to work under very great difficulties, although they scored a number of successes. It was the growing strength of the Royal Air Force and Fleet Air Arm, with apparently unlimited munitions, which made the great difference and led to the destruction of very numerous merchant ships on the supply services by bomb, torpedo and mine. In proportion to the numbers engaged, this campaign has probably been nearly as successful as that of the Axis, but the loss of civilian life has been infinitely smaller.

This is a surprise to most people, for only proved losses are registered and accepted by the Admiralty, and it is almost invariably impossible for an airman or submariner to hang round the spot to watch the ship actually sinking.

The British figures of enemy ships sunk are, therefore, certainly not complete, but they are surprising. In order to prevent information getting to the enemy, and also to avoid constant amendments, the British losses are now published monthly, and in April the figure was sixty ships of 293,089 tons. No direct comparison is possible, as the Admiralty statement of Axis tonnage destroyed covers a period of five weeks, from March 25 to April 30, but in that time it reached the astounding total of over 610,000 tons gross. Germany's tonnage when the war began was, as has been mentioned, rather less than 4,500,000, and Italy's roughly 3,425,000. Of this nearly 3,000,000 tons has been captured or sunk by various means, including scuttling.

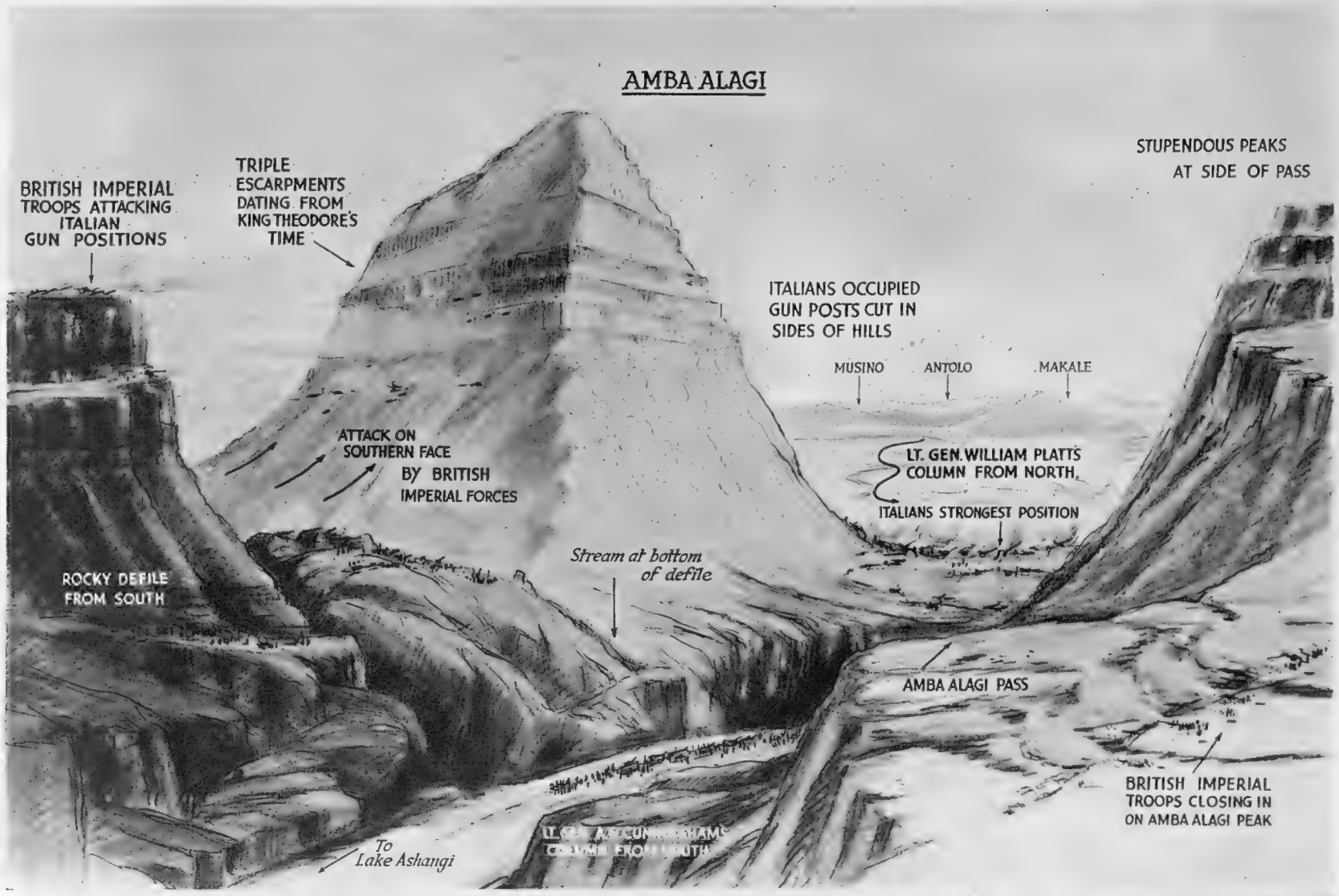
In contrast to the British Admiralty, which regularly issues truthful returns of the British tonnage sunk by enemy action, neither the German nor the Italian authorities publish a single word about their own losses, and it is possible that many laymen in Germany delude themselves that losses have not been sustained, while the British Merchant Navy has been steadily reduced. Needless to say, the shipping industry cannot be deceived in that way and must be perfectly well aware of the very serious position. There are, of course, no definite figures concerning new ships which may have been completed to reduce the net loss, but although Germany has a very large shipbuilding business, and has obtained control of first-class facilities in occupied France, Holland and Denmark, to a smaller extent in Norway also, it is unlikely that the output has been very large. This is partly owing to concentration on the construction of warships and partly owing to inevitable shortage of material and labour. It is known that the Italian shipbuilding industry is delivering very slowly indeed owing to shortage of steel.

Taking all things into consideration, it is not surprising that German shipping and shipbuilding men are being kept quiet with golden promises for the future, when what remains of the British Merchant Service will be handed over to them and competition will be eliminated.



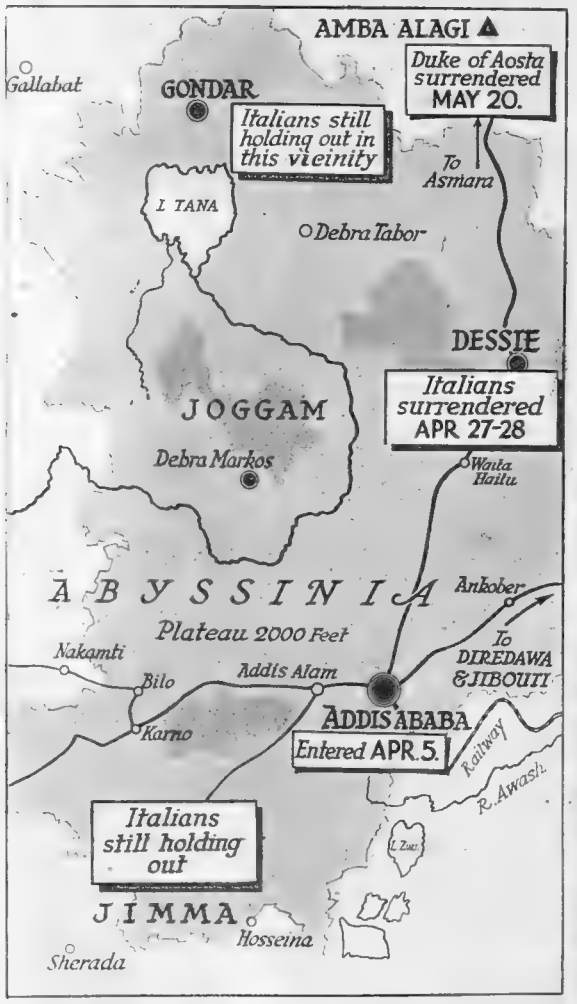
TWO AXIS SHIPS SCUTTLED IN COSTA RICA: Acting on the direct orders of President Roosevelt after he had been informed that the crews of Italian vessels were systematically destroying their machinery, the U.S. Coastguard swiftly took into "protective custody" all Italian, German and Danish vessels in American ports. The crews of the German cargo ship *Eisenach* (4,177 tons) and the Italian liner *Fella* (6,072 tons), however, fired their vessels at Puntas Arenas, Costa Rica, on March 31. The Government imprisoned their crews and charged them with arson. Here the two vessels are seen—the *Fella* on the left and the *Eisenach* on the right, after they had been fired

THE "NORMANDIE," PRIDE OF THE FRENCH MERCHANT MARINE: One of the vessels taken over by the United States a few days ago, under orders from Washington. The crack liner forms part of the 175,000 tons of French shipping taken into "protective custody" by the American authorities to counter Vichy's decision of further collaboration with Germany



Drawn by Percy Home

THE WONDERFUL FORTRESS AMONGST THE CLOUDS AT AMBA ALAGI: The scene presented by the towering peak filled with gun emplacements



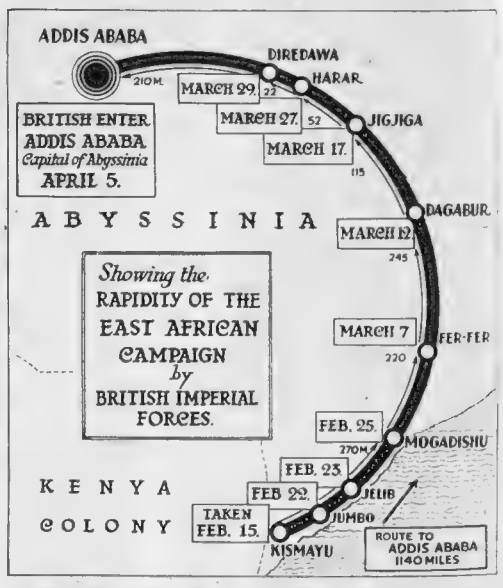
WHERE THE ITALIAN SURRENDER TOOK PLACE IN THE NORTH; And the two districts where stands by the Italians were still being made at Gondar and in the Jimma district

The CAPTURE of AMBA ALAGI

NOWHERE in Africa, and perhaps in the whole field of the present war, has there been such a spectacular setting for warfare as was provided at Amba Alagi, the scene of the Duke of Aosta's last stand. The cliffs lining the Amba Alagi Pass are fantastically abrupt and the canyons deep and often filled with wreaths of cloud. The Peak itself rises steeply from the roadway through the Pass. The sides of the Amba (peak) were pierced for gun positions by the enemy, artillery duels taking place from cliff to cliff as the British Imperial column from the south closed in upon the Duke of Aosta's stronghold. He himself, with General Frusci, was ensconced in headquarters 1,100 ft. up the slopes. The Italians' final stand was made to the north of the Amba, where their lines blocked the pass. This was the strongest position encountered in the whole campaign, but the South Africans working round from Dessie on the south and the pressure of the column from the north, under Lieut.-General William Platt, coming south from Keren, brought about the capitulation of this last strong point. The formal surrender of the enemy High Command took place on May 21, when it was discovered that no fewer than 18,000 prisoners had been taken in this latest operation. This figure includes prisoners taken during the course of the immediate fighting around Amba Alagi.

ON THE LOWER SLOPES OF AMBA ALAGI: A picture which was taken during the Italian "conquest" of Abyssinia, when Amba Alagi was last beleaguered

SOUTH AFRICAN HIGH COMMAND: Field-Marshal Smuts, South African Prime Minister, in conference with Lieut.-General A. G. Cunningham, the successful British commander in Abyssinia



ELEVEN HUNDRED AND FORTY MILES IN FIFTY DAYS: This diagram shows the advance of British Forces from Kismayu to Addis Ababa—one of the most remarkable of the present war

BRITISH SOLDIERS ON THE MAINLAND destroying equipment which might be of use to the enemy before the evacuation

STILL IN HIGH SPIRITS, these Australian nurses in process of leaving have refreshments on the quayside

ON THE WAY FROM GREECE: Many of the soldiers were exhausted after the heavy fighting, and fell fast asleep

ON BOARD A BRITISH TRANSPORT: The crowded scene as the thousands of British and Imperial troops were evacuated

THE EVACUATION OF GREECE

—Official pictures

These pictures were taken by a British official photographer, who himself was one of those taking part in the evacuation and who travelled with the retreating forces night and day. Most of the marches through Greece were carried out by night, as German planes were machine-gunning and dive-bombing the roads during the day. When the coast was finally reached every available ship was used to take off the troops. These pictures were taken on the quayside and on one of the many vessels which made the crossing.

On right—

LANDING FROM THEIR TRANSPORT FOR FRESH ENDEAVOURS: Sunburnt and smiling and unbeaten, a fine body of troops march away to new battles

The COSSACKS of TRADITION and the REAL COSSACKS of the UKRAINE

An Account of Their Origin, History and Present Position Within the Borders of the Ukraine Soviet Republic

By MICHAEL COLLIN

THE UKRAINIAN STEPPES—THE COUNTRY OF THE RUSSIAN COSSACKS : The Ukraine is also known as "Little Russia" : originally a state of its own with its capital at Kiev, it passed at various times under Lithuanian, Polish, Austrian and finally Russian suzerainty. In November 1917 it became the Ukrainian People's Republic and is now part of the Russian Soviet system. The Cossacks who inhabit this region have a long history, the renown of the Don Cossacks being known all over Europe. The Ukraine is a land of river and steppe, over which the Cossack bands roam to-day as they have for centuries past

IN view of the recent developments following the Nazi occupation of the Balkans, and the consequent speculation arising as to the fate of the Ukraine should Hitler decide to invade that province, it is of interest to consider the reaction of the inhabitants, composed as they are of the most mixed population within the Soviet Union, to the threat that is facing them, and subsequently, the acceptance of Nazi occupation, should it become a fact. What kind of people are the Ukrainians ? What of their culture, habits, customs and history ?

There is very little information available about Russia in general that is unbiased ; she is largely unknown outside her borders, and is alien to our Western conceptions, being largely Asiatic, and apart from pre-1914 ballets, troikas, pogroms, Cossacks, and, of course, vodka and caviare, the average man has a rather vague idea of the people, and the great racial sub-divisions, involving as they do differences of language, customs, habits and religion. Specially is this so in the case of the Ukraine.

According to the 1924 census, the Ukraine had a population of 26,178,000, or 19·4 of the total population of Russia. Of that number 21,252,000 are rural and 4,926,000 urban. Of this total, 798,655 are of Ukrainian nationality ; the rest are made up of Great Russians or Cossacks, Poles, Jews, Germans, Greeks, Armenians, and other nationalities. It is one of the eight distinctly Independent Republics included in the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. The eight Independent Republics, of which Ukraine is one, associate more or less closely with the main republic, but are a great deal more self-governing, and follow a more nationalistic trend.

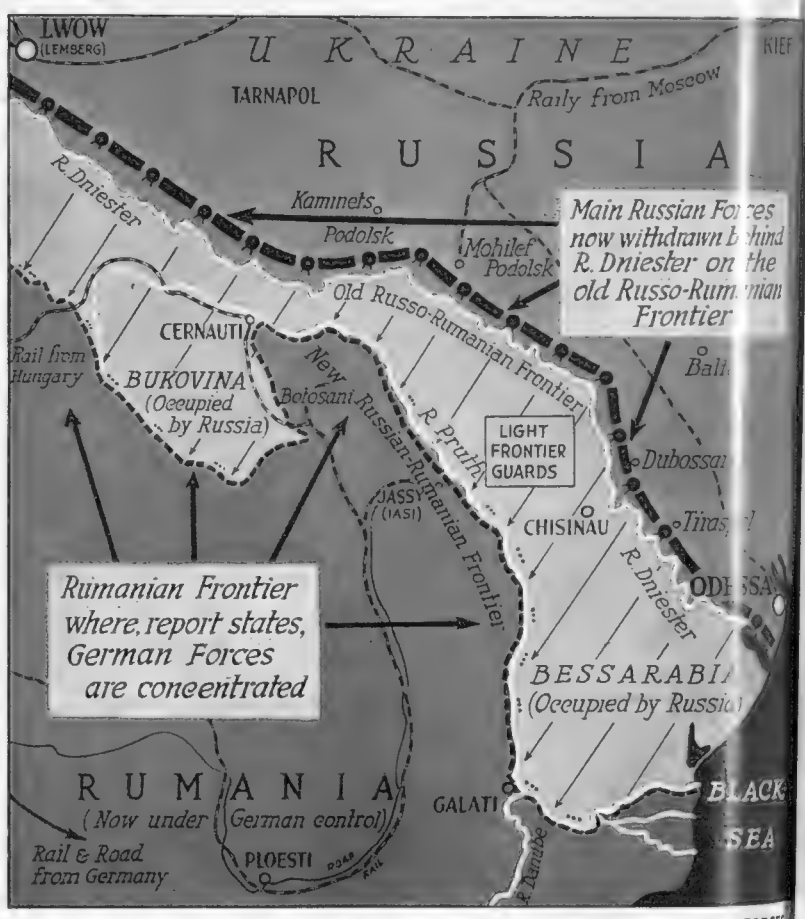
Ukraine is one of the most fertile areas in the world, the famous Black Earth producing an abundance of grain, together with big crops of rye, barley, wheat and, recently, sugar beet. A great deal of livestock is also raised.

The chief river is the Dnieper, which crosses the length of the Ukraine, providing an important waterway. The principal port and naval base is Odessa. The peasants are deeply religious, and belong to the Greek Orthodox Church, and their culture is mostly based on traditional customs and legends handed down from generation to generation, in which national heroes, mostly Cossack, are honoured. The great majority of the peasants are illiterate, and even since the advent of Communism, show the lowest percentage in education for the whole of European Russia.

The history of the Ukraine is interesting, if chequered. Its plains have seen the invading Mongol hordes, Turks and Poles, and it is in this part of Russia that the famous Zaporozian and Don Cossacks have earned their fame for daring courage, fighting against the Tartars, Turks and Poles. In fact, one can say that the history of the Ukraine is the history of the Cossacks.

The origin of the Cossacks goes back to the time when the Tsars of Muscovy and the Kings of Poland built forts to protect the agricultural population from the depredations of the lawless tribes roaming the Steppes and maintained regular troops to man them, but these were not the Free Cossacks known to history and romance. These latter were independent, self-governing military communities, and each river flowing south—the Dnieper, Don and the Volga—held its own group of Cossacks, and no one was allowed to pass through their territory without their permission. They were composed of lawless elements, partly Asiatic, partly Slav, and were the descendants of the Mongol conquerors who overran the country under Batu Khan in 1236 A.D., penetrating as far as Kiev, ravaging the country as they went, and laid siege to that city in 1240 A.D. After the fall of Kiev, Batu then turned to Galicia and Hungary, but there he met a great army under the King of Moravia and the Duke of Austria. Seeing this formidable array, he turned back, eventually reaching the eastern banks of the Volga ; there he established his Sarai or permanent camp, which became the capital of the Golden Horde, levying tribute from the princes of the land until the successful resistance of Tsar Ivan III in 1480 A.D.

THE TERRIFYING FIGURE OF TRADITION : This very old print shows the fearsome Cossack as he appeared to the terrified peasantry of Russia and Poland, to whom he was a veritable scourge. In countless riots and revolts the Cossacks were used by the Tsars to wipe out unrest with sword and whip



THE GATHERING THREAT TO THE UKRAINE BY THE GERMAN ARMED FORCES : For some weeks past now the Ukraine has been threatened by the Germans : all along the border large forces have been congregated, in readiness for any move Hitler may decide to make against his crafty ally, Stalin. Pursuing their tortuous policy, so difficult for Westerners to understand, the Russians have now withdrawn their main forces to behind the River Dniester, from Lwow to Odessa, leaving only light frontier guards to protect their newly acquired provinces of Bessarabia and Bukovina. Twenty-four hours each day the work of fortification of their new defensive positions goes on on the Russian side ; and it would seem as if Stalin fully expects an attack on the Ukraine to be developed by the Germans

It was during the reign of Tsar Ivan IV, called the "Terrible," that an unknown Cossack outlaw, Yermak, with a horde of Cossacks, freebooters and pirates, set out to conquer Siberia. When the Tsar Koutchum heard of the advance of the Cossacks, he sent a great army under the famous Prince Mahmet-Kul to meet them. A bloody battle ensued, which seemed to be going against Yermak, when the Tartar nobles, noting the fall of Mahmet-Kul, deserted the field, leaving Yermak master of Siberia.

It was a great triumph for the Cossacks, and Yermak, after a conference with the elders, decided to use the victory as a means of settling his differences with Tsar Ivan.

After incredible hardships his envoys reached Moscow, bringing as presents skins of sables and fox, and a letter from Yermak expressing his regrets for his past misdeeds, but informing the Tsar that he had added Koutchum's Tsardom of Sibir to his dominions and asking his pardon for all that took part in the conquest. The Tsar accepted with joy such an unexpected gift and proceeded to con-

"COSSACKS RIDING THROUGH A POLISH TOWN": A painting by the Polish artist, Wojciech Kossak: Of all the subject nationalities of the former Russian Empire, the Poles above all felt the knout of the Cossacks and were subjected to the full fury of their brutality. For centuries Cossacks were the prop of Oppression under the Tsars; it is interesting to speculate how these ruthless and brutal warriors have settled down under the Soviet rule, to dwell in amity alongside the peoples they once so determinedly scourged!

on the once-outlawed Yermak the title of Prince of Siberia. But Yermak did not live long to enjoy the fruits of his victory; he was trapped in an ambush whilst on a punitive expedition, and killed in the fight that ensued.

After his death the Cossacks began to break up, and large bodies of them drifted west, establishing semi-permanent camps, under different leaders, all over the country, ravaging and looting as they went, and in time settled in Setches, as these camps were called. It is with the life, deeds and misdeeds of these independent Cossack communities that Cossack history is concerned. The most celebrated of them were the Zaporozians of the Dnieper, and the Cossacks of the Don. They were in the habit of sallying forth from their Setch, in defiance of the Tsar, plundering and looting the countryside, and levying tribute from the merchants going down the rivers. Although the Free Cossacks, with the exception of the Zaporozians, were nominally loyal subjects of the Tsar, professing allegiance and devotion, they did not consider it necessary to obey his orders unless it suited their convenience. For all that, they were of great value to the Tsar in protecting the southern frontiers against the nomadic marauders, being capable of living the same life and of carrying on the same kind of warfare. They would on occasion actually turn against the Tsar, as in 1670 under Stenka Razin, and again under Pugatchev in 1773; during the war between Peter the Great and Charles XII of Sweden, the Zaporozians fought on the side of Sweden. As a result, the Government took strong measures, the Cossacks being disbanded and deprived of their independence. Only the Zaporozians resisted for some time until, in the reign of Catherine II, they, too, were forcibly uprooted and those who did not flee to Turkey were settled in Western Caucasus, where they could live their old life by carrying on irregular warfare with the tribes of the Caucasus.

Life in the Setch was ideally democratic, everyone, from the Ataman to the commonest Cossack, being on terms of perfect equality. Each year elections were held, and any Cossack could be elected chief of his Kuren or company, and any chief of a Kuren could be chosen Ataman. After a successful raid, the booty was brought in to the Setch and equally divided, followed by drinking, singing, dancing, gambling and games, when the younger members vied with each other in feats of strength and daredevil riding.

Many songs, books and plays, which are still preserved to this day, were based on the exploits of these marauding bands of freebooters under the colourful leadership of their Atamans.

With the development of more stable conditions and the opportunities for looting becoming more difficult, the Cossack Setch gradually lost its sway until it finally disappeared, and many of the Cossacks were settled in Stanitzas or townships round the borders of the fast-growing Empire. In the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, they were organised and incorporated into the regular army, becoming the most valuable and loyal part of it. They were allowed special privileges and though deprived of their independence and self-government, a system of regular promotions was instituted, and in the course of time an aristocracy arose from the officer class, who, by appropriating land through Imperial grants, became large landowners. In return they gave the Tsars loyal service.

When the revolution broke out in 1917 it was the Cossacks who were mainly used in the endeavour to crush it, and when they failed, the greater majority of them joined Denikin, Koltchak, and Wrangel, afterwards fleeing with them, but some accepted grudgingly the Soviet rule.

The Cossacks one used to see in circuses, exhibitions and the Cossack choirs are for the most part Tcherkess, Georgians and Great Russians, and the Cossacks of the Russian cavalry of to-day are Cossacks in name only, though drawn from the traditional regions of the Dnieper, Don, Ural and the Volga.

The Cossacks of the Ukraine and the Ukrainians generally have been for a long time a thorn in the side of the Soviet, and it was not until 1922, following a bloody civil war, and frequent changes of government after the great famine, that they accepted the Soviet rule, and that with bad grace. Being largely agricultural, they are deeply rooted in the soil and all the traditions associated with it, and the insurrections against the collective farming system were still going on when the rest of Russia had accepted this drastic change.

Before the present war, there had been many attempts, with the help of Germany, to establish complete independence from the Soviet, and many Ukrainian Quislings paid frequent visits to Berlin with that object, and at one time it was proposed to establish a minor Princeling but without success.

The Cossacks of the Ukraine to-day, moreover, are a shadow of their ancestors. They have produced a few writers, poets and politicians, but the Nationalistic spirit, while strong and aided by a difference in culture, habit and custom, peculiar to the Ukraine, is not of a political character. Again, the native writers and poets have not influenced the great mass of the people, 90 per cent. of whom are illiterate, and if left undisturbed it is doubtful if they would espouse the cause of a few intellectuals. At the present, no one can tell what reaction would follow the occupation of the Ukraine by Hitler. He is a past master in stirring up nationalistic passions to his own advantage, as he did in Czechoslovakia between the Czechs and Slovaks and again in Yugoslavia between the Serbs and Croats, and once the Communist "cells" are removed and the more thorough but no less brutal Nazi control established, the people, with true Russian fatalism, might accept the exchange of masters under some sort of local Quisling, or even under a minor Princeling.

"DON COSSACKS OVERRUNNING A FRENCH VILLAGE"—A reminder of the bitter Napoleonic Era: After Napoleon had been defeated by the Allied Powers of Europe, the Tsar Alexander unleashed his hordes of semi-barbaric Cossacks on the French people. Their brutality and barbarisms were the talk of the whole Continent. This print was published in the year 1818

OTHER THINGS THAN WAR . . .

The Passing of Dinner and of Courtesy in Diplomacy; Chance Immortality; The Fog of Political Controversy

AND NOW . . . DINNER.—You may remember *Duffer's Drift* and how in one of his dreams of its defence, Lieutenant Backsight - Forethought, beaten as usual by the Boers, had been ordered by his captors to surrender one by one his arms and pieces of equipment, and how at last he heard the unwelcome order: "Your breeches, too, Captain." So it is with me. One by one, the traditional institutions and fixtures of a Victorian-Edwardian middle-aged man have been compromised or surrendered; and now, the most sacred of all has been taken. *Dinner*; the new Summer-time and the War stringency have dared to lay hands on that holy ikon in an Englishman's day. Need I remind you of what Englishmen have thought of *dinner* as a sacred ceremony down the ages? Let Creevey be quoted for the Whigs. Let Lord Lytton give evidence for the mid-Victorians.

" O hour of all hours, the most blessed upon earth,
Blessèd hour of our dinners!
The land of his birth,
The face of his first love; the bills that he owes;
The twaddle of friends and the venom of foes;
. . . All of these things a man, I believe, may forget
And not be the worse for forgetting; but yet
Never, never, oh, never! earth's luckiest sinner
Hath unpunished forgotten the hour of his dinner!
. . . .
He may live without books—what is knowledge but grieving?
He may live without hope—what is hope but deceiving?
He may live without love—what is passion but pining?
But where is the man who can live without dining?

(Does anybody read *Lucile* nowadays, I wonder—Lytton's experiment of a novel in verse?) Let my own memories carry on the tale of dinner in the late Victorian and Edwardian ages.

I remember the appetites of my Ponsonby great-uncles in the '90's at my grandmother's table. Each one of those jolly men invariably ate: soup, fish, entrée, roast beef (two goes of it), game or chicken, apple-pie, welsh rabbit, cheese, dessert—with, of course, sherry, claret and lashings of port—not on festive occasions, but as a daily, commonplace ritual.

The Edwardian dinner-of-ceremony at least was as gargantuan and far more elaborate. In the Georgian age the festive board grew lighter, but the ritual was still sacred. I have seen dinner drop down from an affair of seven courses to a matter of three, and at last, of two very light courses. But still it was . . . dinner, and sacred until *May* 4, 1941. Remember that date, children, with 1066 and all that. It records the death of Dinner, the English gentleman's most sacred ideal, institution, ritual, tradition. Will it ever return?

Or has the postprandial era arrived to stay?

" Your breeches, too, Captain." Such is war.

Who'd have thought it?—Inspired by a recent note on the vigour of Clough's eighty-year-old short poem, *Say not the Struggle* (quoted by the Premier), I set out to collect a few of the short poems written by minor poets—probably very quickly—which have become immortal and current coin in our language and thought.

But the minor bards and poetasters? With them is the romance of survival. They are the " Jenkins' ear " of literary history. How long did T. E. Brown take to compose the forty-six words of his " My garden," I wonder? And what value did he set on them? Yet there it is, a sure quotation in every book on gardening to-day. Or " Drink to me only," " or " To Lucasta," or " Oft in the stilly night," or " April, April," or Stevenson's *Requiem*, or Kipling's *Recessional*, or Henley's *Invictus*, or Hood's *Bridge of Sighs*, or Blake's *Tiger*, or those *Stately Homes of England*.

Who'd have thought it? Not the authors, I warrant. It was just chance, or a happy marriage with music, or a rarely felicitous and quite unconscious clothing of an eternal (or eternally English) truth in literary-dress fashions.

Who would have been more surprised than their authors? I leave out of consideration the gems of the giants, albeit, I doubt not Shakespeare would have laughed heartily at the notion that four centuries after his death hundreds of his easily-coined ideas and swiftly-composed lines would be household words. But, for the most part, I imagine, the giants died with some notion that they had been booked for immortality.

WHY NOT MAKE USE OF BRITAIN'S DISUSED CANALS? "Now that we have a new Ministry in charge of wartime communications," writes a correspondent in a note accompanying this picture, "perhaps our canals will be used to full advantage. We have 4673 miles of them across the country, but so many long stretches have fallen into disuse. Here is a typical scene of old water-logged barges on a disused waterway between Bath and Freshford on the Kennet and Avon Canal"

THE ORIGINAL SALLY LUNN SHOP IN LILLIPUT ALLEY, BATH, WHICH DATES FROM 1480: Saved from demolition by a Bath resident some time ago, this shop is now a studio. It was occupied by the famous pastrycook in 1680; some of her recipes were found during restoration work in a secret cupboard in the chimney, and her baking and proving ovens were uncovered in the basement. Beau Nash came here to buy the pastries for his great parties, and thus everyone adopted the fashion of eating "Sally Lunns." From 1480 to 1680 it was the home of the Dukes of Kingston; and it now claims to be the oldest house in Bath. The fanlight above the entrance is by Chippendale

The Fog of Controversy.—The more I read, the more firmly convinced I grow that the full-dress or political biography of a statesman and the political history of an era cannot with any degree of accuracy be written within fifty years of the period covered.

It is indeed more or less accepted as a commonplace, yet the attempt is still constantly made. A character study, a personal memoir, of a dead statesman, may—indeed, must—be written while his contemporary intimates can supply verbal evidence, and much useful social-history data must be obtained and recorded near to its own times. But such is the fog thrown out by political and party propaganda, such is the smoke of the fires of political passions and prejudice, that no right judgment of political events is possible while that fog and that smoke persist.

I have been impressed by this truth of late during a re-reading of the Spender-Asquith biography of Lord Oxford. We are now more than twenty years distant from those great tragedies—the quarrels and intrigues and failures of the War Cabinets in the late War. Yet still to-day we are no nearer to a definitive summing-up of their rights and wrongs, to a clear and final conclusion. The writings of Mr. Lloyd George contradict in essential particulars the claims of Mr. Asquith and his partisans. Authentic written documents on either side point to directly opposed verdicts. Wilson contradicts Haig, Maurice contradicts Asquith, and so on, ad infinitum. After twenty years, the smoke still hangs; after a generation filled with even more tremendous events, it is still reasonable to declare in despair that the written word proves nothing, and that figures can be tabled to prove anything.

Indeed, I am not sure that a century is enough for the dissipation of political smoke or that the truth can emerge until all the children's children of protagonists are in their graves. Perhaps we are only now in a posture justly to appreciate the political events of the Elizabethan era.

Postscript on Courtesy.—It is true that almost all efforts to reform existing institutions of Government have their origin and inspiration in grievances and injustices, but by no means all successful reformers have achieved success by abandoning the conventions and standards of civility by which civilised governments and civilised individuals communicate one with another. The modern dictators have many things in common in their origins and practices and manner of thought, and no point of similarity is more marked than their insistence that civility and any form of restraint are, somehow, base and insidious attributes of accursed " capitalism " and must be scrapped with all the other outworn traditions and conventions of " capitalism." History shows that those reformers whose work has longest endured had the sense to appreciate that courtesy was an integral condition of civilisation in any stage of political evolution, and that all reform must be contained within the field of civilisation; and they have practised that belief in their negotiations with their fellow-men and neighbouring governments, from whom they sought to win concessions and secure justice. It is the failure of modern dictators to appreciate this great truth that has handicapped their efforts and is already bringing about a sharp reaction to the merits of older forms of government; still addicted to the traditions of courtesy and dignity in international relations. Is it indeed too much to say that, if Hitler had been able to compass the most moderate degree of civility in his intercourse with other governments, he would have secured benefits to the Reich greater than those which he has won by brutality and at vastly lower costs?

J. G.

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The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

THE BEST NOVELS OF THE WEEK

Miss I. Compton Burnett's Story of a Family; T. H. White Returns to Form; Nineteenth-Century Italy

TO a certain number of people a new novel by Miss I. Compton Burnett is something of an event. The school of her admirers being strictly eclectic, the number may not be very considerable, but there is recent evidence that they are becoming more numerous.

A book by Miss Compton Burnett is as exciting as a game of chess, and I would say that the reading of it demands the same amount of attention and concentration. In **PARENTS AND CHILDREN** (Gollancz. 8s. 6d.) there are two grandparents, two parents, nine children, a child's nurse, a nursemaid, two governesses, as well as about six more characters, all necessary to the action. Except for a few brief passages of physical description, each and every one of them falls into place in the story, and comes to life, through dialogue.

The family is roughly a three-tier one. The two elder boys at Cambridge, one a collector of Double Firsts and the other not; a sister in the same age group who likes to imagine herself in the role of the family corrective. Then there are three children of the schoolroom age, who live on another floor with their governess, a lady of character and circumscribed erudition; and three nursery children with an established nanny and a nursemaid with a vivid imagination.

Superimposed upon this brood is the materfamilias, Eleanor, a woman of strong character and unconventional leanings, always worked out upon strictly conventional lines. The father, Fulbert, eases through life with a sort of lax shrewdness, does the disappearing act, is given up for lost, and arrives back in time to prevent Eleanor from side-stepping the family and the complexities of her life into another marriage with his best friend. Over and above these, there is the old man of the tribe, and the grandmother, who rule the destinies of this lot with a kind of easy-going arrogance.

The story gathers excitement when it becomes clear that it is going to culminate in a point where octogenarian grandpa gets caught out in a discreditable episode of his early life. It is also going to be clear that grandpa will be unshaken by these disclosures.

It is no use tackling this novel unless the reader is prepared to read carefully every one of the apparently disconnected remarks which are interpolated here and there into the flow of the dialogue, most of which is astringent and at times wickedly witty. It is difficult not to use the word genius in connection with this author's work. If anyone thinks that it is an easy matter to bring to life and to relate the actions of so many characters using this technique, let him try. For all her uniqueness, I see little danger of Miss Compton Burnett becoming the head of a school, but I prophesy that the school of her admirers will increase and multiply whatever else happens.

Mr. T. H. White made his name with a novel which had certain unique and original qualities. *The Sword in the Stone* created quite a stir when it came out, and we were treated to the remarkable phenomenon of a gang of quite important people in the literary world who used to go about quoting bits at each other.

Then Mr. White followed with another book in the same vein which disappointed the votaries and proved to be eminently unquotable. Now he has come along with yet another one, also in the Malory series. **THE ILL-MADE KNIGHT** (Collins. 8s. 6d.) is none other than Lancelot, to whom we are first introduced as a small boy who has already made up his mind to be the devoted friend and follower of King Arthur. Mr. White has the proper schoolmaster's attitude to small boys, believing that much can be done in the development of their character through the rigours and applications of a strict early training. Lancelot hasn't much of a chance, either at his hands, or in the charge of Uncle Dap. But he had to turn out to be Lancelot, and in his first joust to unhorse the redoubtable Arthur himself.

It follows that he also has to have the classic affair with Queen Guenever and to light out after the Holy Grail.

Merlyn pursues his whimsical and eccentric way through the story, always getting mixed up on the time-space angle, but providing the usual amount of entertainment and the author with several of his better cracks. Sir Meliagrance, the Cockney knight, also provides a good deal of light entertainment, while the author's treatment of the legendary Sir Galahad is delicious.

Some of the freshness and originality of *The Sword in the Stone* may be missing from this novel, but it is good entertainment and a return to form which most of Mr. White's admirers will undoubtedly welcome.

LIGHT IN ITALY (Gollancz. 8s. 6d.) is a straightforward novel in a historical setting. Mr. Jack Lindsay sets his hero down in Rome in the early years of the nineteenth century. Harry Woodhouse is enabled by a wealthy patron to pursue his art studies in the city and the surroundings from which it might be expected he would derive the most benefit. An embryonic impressionism stirring in him urges a breakaway from academic methods and principles, and into contact with people outside his immediate circle.

This coincides with a love-affair with a visiting sitter, which begins and is conducted throughout on an unconventional and unsatisfactory basis. He also gets entangled with the underground movement of the Carbonari, which is in revolt against the dictatorship of the Austrian overlords and of their Italian Quislings. Harry Woodhouse finds himself in the throes of a threefold crisis, one of spiritual values, one of political motives and, of course, his love-affair.

The strongest feature of this novel is its background and the picture it gives of life in those days in the Roman States and of the Neapolitan kingdom. If one were to seek analogies, there are plenty to be found in the activities of the gangster organisations who could be said to be the progenitors of the Fascisti of the present day. It is a fast-moving, thought-provoking and thrilling book, and more than that would be unreasonable to ask of any novel.

A large number of readers will be delighted to know that Miss D. E. Stevenson has taken those widely popular stories, *Mrs. Tim and the Regiment* and *Golden Days*, put them together, in part rewritten them, and published them in the form of a novel called **MRS. TIM** (Collins. 8s. 6d.).

It is an inconsequential, charming, droll and delightful sort of book, which never strays very far from the sphere of domestic happenings, and which has the effect of confirming Mrs. Tim in her position as one of the best-liked and lovable characters in contemporary fiction.

It is strange to find Mr. Bernard Newman without Papa Tantivy in tow, and not engaged upon some hair-raising spy activities. Yet it is not strange when one realises that **ONE MAN'S YEAR** (Gollancz. 9s.) is the personal record of his activities during the year 1940. In January he went out to France to join the R.A.F., ostensibly as a lecturer, but really to combat the worser influences of what in those days was called the sitskrieg. From then he went on to do the same for the B.E.F., and was on the point of continuing the good work with the French Army when the Battle of France broke out and he had to make an exciting escape.

Back home, Mr. Newman became staff lecturer for the Ministry of Information, and in this section of his book he has some interesting and instructive remarks upon that much maligned institution which are not altogether to its discredit.

Mr. Newman may have a hard job to invest his real experiences with the same number of thrills as his fictional ones, but this record has the added value of a war commentary as interpreted through his own energetic personality.

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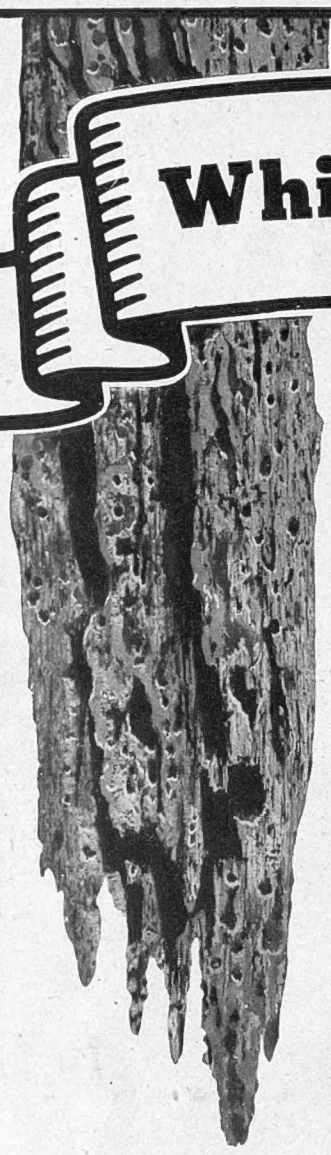

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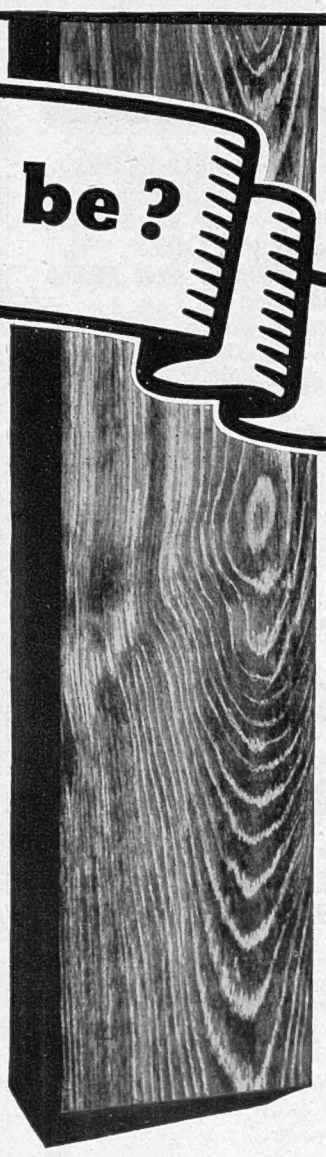

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In Quest of Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

NOW that we are living in an era of compulsory Lent, with no signs as yet of the feast that should succeed the fast, we who live in hotels are becoming increasingly conscious of the fact that we are much better off in our communal life than if we had to cater for ourselves individually. Further, it is also noticeable, though whether less meat and less everything has anything to do with it, that we are less inclined to grouse either at the hotel's shortcomings or the irritating habits of our fellow-visitors.

We are, in short, becoming positively human.

But I still contend that it is unwise to become too settled in one hotel. We ought to move around and see fresh places and meet fresh faces, for even if we are apparently very comfortably settled, we can always reserve our rooms again at some definite period ahead.

Most hotel-keepers, if the truth were known, are pleased to see the backs of their permanent residents for a while, and are equally pleased to welcome them back again, but in this mutual agreement to move on for a while we hotel-dwellers must bear in mind that the longer notice we give our hotel of our intention to give up our rooms, the easier it is for the hotel proprietor—especially those who run small establishments—to re-let our accommodation whilst we are away.

Many people, even though they have made their plans to move on, think that a week's notice to the hotel is sufficient. By law yes, but not by common fairness.

If you are on what can be termed the permanent-resident list, the hotel proprietor has to assume, until you give notice, that you are staying on. It may easily happen, as it often does, that during the time you have made up your mind to move elsewhere, a number of good "lets" may have had to be refused because you had not announced your intention of going away.

I do not know why the public are reticent to give more notice than that required by law. Maybe they think that hotel proprietors will put them on extra short commons and service once they know they are going. But this, of course, is a short-sighted view, because the good hotel-keeper was ever jealous of his goodwill, whilst in wartime there will be no difficulty in re-letting your accommodation if you will only give as long notice as possible.

The number of available hotels still tends to diminish. It is natural, then, that with hotel accommodation becoming scarcer there is an increasing demand for the smaller guest house, and even private houses where people can be taken in as paying guests.

Whilst I find no signs of making capital of this premium upon accommodation amongst good hotels and guest houses, I suspect a good deal of the paying-guest accommodation I have seen advertised; for judging from the prices asked, one may be taken in in more senses than one.

On the other hand, there must be a number of really nice people living in a homely way who would be glad to receive paying guests and vice versa, and with the limitations of hotel accommodation I shall be glad to hear of any such private facilities which can be generally recommended. Already I am enlarging my field of activity to include such discoveries. Only last week, in a charming little village near Dulverton, Somerset, I stumbled on a small farm-like house which offers the ideal for some couple who are seeking peace and plenty. The owner had once been in an hotel herself, and caters for those who are appreciative of good, simple cooking. Her daughter to-day is helping her, and in addition is gardener, milkmaid and poultry-keeper. A double bedroom and sitting-room when I was there were vacant, and for from 3 to 3½ gns. each someone soon will be living in clover. If readers will let me know of similar hidden finds up and down the country I will make it my business to pay them a personal visit the next time I am in the locality.

Since Easter my mail has considerably increased, and one very noticeable feature is that most people are wise enough to be inquiring for accommodation some long time ahead. At the same time there are a few who do not appreciate that, apart from possible delays in the post, letters may take a little while in reaching me; they have to be forwarded on to me from THE SPHERE to wherever I may happen to be, and with possible postal dislocation they sometimes take a little while catching me up. Generally speaking, therefore, it is as well to write to me a month ahead of your requirements, as apart from my reply, a number of the hotels I recommend may be temporarily full. On this score the more elastic readers can make the actual date of their going away, the more chance there will be of getting the desired accommodation.

I write to all my correspondents personally, but when space is available a few typical replies are reproduced on this page.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

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